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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1874, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Teaching many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

ARMISTICE BALL.

The Armistice Ball given under the auspices of Newport Post, No. 7, American Legion on Tuesday evening was a grand affair and a complete success in every particular. The large hall of the State Armory on Thames street was handsomely decorated for the occasion and presented a brilliant appearance. It was completely filled with citizens from every walk in life, all seeming to vie with each other in making the affair the great success that it was. Governor and Mrs. Beekman attended and participated in the grand march.

During the evening there were brief addresses by Post Commander William P. Sheffield, Jr., who welcomed the gathering and commented briefly upon the work of the Post; Mayor Mahoney, Governor Beekman and Congressman Clark Burdick. Refreshments were served during the evening.

The national colors were everywhere in evidence, even the upstairs rooms reserved for the use of the men and the women were attractively decorated. The large committee that had charge of the affair did their work well, and the occasion was one that will long be remembered in Newport.

There will be another sale of surplus government stock at the highway department shop on Long wharf on Saturday morning. A large consignment of foodstuffs has been received, so that the amount offered at this sale will be greater than on any previous occasion. Included in the allotment is a large amount of bacon in strips, running to more than five tons. Besides other food supplies there will be a number of army blankets offered in this sale. It is hoped that the crush will not be as great this time as on previous occasions, by reason of there being an abundant supply for all without crushing.

Mr. William P. Clarke of the public school committee attended a meeting of the Athletic Association at the Rogers High School on Monday, and made a number of practical suggestions for developing the organization and also for financing all athletic activities at the school. It is proposed to admit girls to the organization at one-half the fee charged for the boys. Mr. Clarke has already raised the sum of \$100 among alumni of the school to be donated to the Athletic Association.

Capital and labor came to blows in this city this week, according to testimony heard in the police court. A colored cook left the employ of a hotel officer and upon her return to her home property there was an argument which resulted in a conflict with knives or other weapons of a similar nature. There were mutual charges of assault preferred in the court.

Mr. Geoffrey King has been chosen membership secretary of the local Y. M. C. A. and enters upon his new duties with much enthusiasm and considerable experience, having served for a number of years in the Red Triumvirate work in this city.

Rev. Charles W. Forster, rector of Emmanuel Church, was greatly surprised on Tuesday evening when Mrs. B. Baker presented him with a birthday cake in behalf of the Woman's Auxiliary of the church.

The Channing Club will have its first meeting and dinner at the Mermaid Club on Monday evening. Rev. Colonel George C. Thorpe, U. S. M. A., will give a talk on his experiences in Santo Domingo.

Mr. John A. Leary expects to return from an active business life by the end of the month.

RED CROSS DRIVE.

The Newport Post of the American Legion made a final drive for membership in the Red Cross on Wednesday evening, the affair being attended by many spectacular features which attracted a great deal of attention. Under the command of Post Commander William P. Sheffield, Jr., a large force of workers was assembled, and headed by the Seventh Artillery Band and the Training Station Band marched to the City Hall in the early evening, where Mayor Mahoney was commanded to surrender the city. After subscriptions had been received at the City Hall, the invading army was divided into two detachments, one of which marched south with the Naval Band and the other north with the Army band. Halls were made at street corners and concerts given, while the workers visited all the houses within a wide radius of the stopping point and made a systematic canvass of the neighborhood. The results were very gratifying and a large amount of money was taken in. The campaign on the whole has been successful and it is expected that there will be more membership renewals come in yet, as some members could not be reached during the active campaign. Only comparatively few persons have refused point blank to subscribe to the cause. The workers in the American Legion have been tireless in their efforts to advance the campaign and their work has been much appreciated by the Red Cross organization.

YOUNG MEN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB.

The Young Men's Republican Club held a well attended smoker and social in the Newport Artillery Armory on Wednesday evening, at which addresses were made by President James W. Thompson, who is the nominee for alderman from the second ward, and by T. I. Hare Powell, who is the nominee for mayor. Both men made stirring addresses and were heartily cheered by the large gathering. The Club is working industriously for the success of their ticket and are confident of electing their candidates.

There was also an entertainment in the form of musical numbers, readings, etc., closing with an interesting boxing match. The club membership continues to grow and new names are being added to the roll almost daily.

Although the abnormally high tides about Newport late last week caused considerable discomfort and inconvenience, the actual amount of property damage was very small as compared with that of other places along the coast where the loss ran into millions. The seas were very rough off Newport all last week but during the time of the highest tides there was a lull in the storm here which prevented greater damage.

Corporal William J. King of the Canadian Army died at sea on Sunday, November 2nd, being buried at sea with military honors. He was a former Newport boy, being a son of Mrs. Annie King, who lives at 20 Denison street. He leaves a widow and a young daughter in Scotland. He saw three years of service with the Canadian contingent during the war, and had a splendid record.

The Providence Telephone Company expects to occupy their new general offices in the old United States Hotel building by the first of December. The improvements are rapidly taking shape and the benefit to that part of Thames street should be considerable. The new offices will not only be attractive in appearance but will also be much more advantageously located than the present offices on Mill street.

Mr. Henry Hess, who was engaged in business for a number of years in Newport, has returned to this city after several years' absence. He was in his old home in Germany when the war broke out and was unable to return to the United States. He will make his permanent home here for the future.

The strike of plumbers and steamfitters continues and there has been but little change in the situation. The firm of master plumbers has yielded to the demands of the men, but the others are generally standing pat. A number of the strikers have secured employment on the Coddington Point job.

Rev. John W. Hamlin has assumed the duties as rector of St. John's Church to succeed the late Rev. Charles F. Seattle. During the war Mr. Hamlin served as chaplain in the United States Army, being post chaplain at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

THE CITY CAMPAIGN.

Although next Thursday will be the last day for filing nomination papers for the city election, there is as yet no great rush for filing. Papers have been taken out for a number of council candidates and will probably have the necessary signatures within a short time. As a general rule the retiring council members are expected to stand for re-election except where they have changed their residences into other wards, and enough new names will doubtless be secured to make up full tickets. Sometimes there have been a number of individuals who have had aspirations for the council and have taken charge of their own papers, but this year it is probable that there will be few more than the necessary thirteen to be voted for in each ward.

The campaign for mayor and aldermen is as yet rather quiet, although considerable work is being put in by both factions. There are still reports that former Mayor Boyle will again enter the field, and there are many who believe that he will surely take this step. Dr. Flynn is not saying a great deal at this time, and is apparently waiting to see what Mayor Boyle will do. Friends of Dr. Flynn have said that he will be a candidate again if Mr. Boyle does not run.

There has not been much evidence of any more nominees for aldermen from any of the wards, as was suggested some time ago. (The report was heard that several candidates might be in the field for these offices but they have not as yet materialized. Still there is nearly a week left, and that will be time enough to get in many more nominations if the parties are in earnest.)

Mr. Alexander J. MacIver and Mr. Louis Podrat have secured many signatures to petitions asking that Thames street be made a one-way street throughout the year. The business men along the street have signed generally, as it is felt that the congestion hurts their business. Opposition to the proposal will come from the users of heavy teams, who feel that the long haul up the hill to Spring street increases the expenses of teaming. A similar proposition was put forward a year ago but failed of passage by the representative council, largely because of this opposition.

Miss Clara Sheffield, daughter of John G. Sheffield of Block Island, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles A. Rhoads of this city, at the rectory of Trinity Church by the Rev. Stanley Hughes. Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Martin attended the couple, Mrs. Martin being a sister of the groom. The bride was attired in a tailored suit of navy blue with a picture hat to match. It was a very quiet affair, only a few friends and relatives being present. The bride received a number of presents including silver. They will reside on 11 Sumner street on their return from their honeymoon.

A branch factory of the Osthby-Barton Company of Providence has been opened in this city, having quarters in the old building of the Newport Engineering Works. The plant opened on Thursday, with a number of Newport women on hand to learn the trade. The local factory will have the setting of stones into rings, and some forty employees will be engaged there when the plant is in full running order.

At the next meeting of Washington Commandery of Knights Templar, the members will have an opportunity to see the moving pictures of the Triennial Parade of Knights Templar in Philadelphia, in which the Commandery participated. These films are furnished through the courtesy of the Selzer-Goldwyn Picture Corporation of Philadelphia, and are said to be very good indeed.

The annual roll call and supper of the First Baptist Church was held on Wednesday evening with a good attendance. Very satisfactory reports were turned in by the various officers and a healthy and consistent growth was shown. The principal address was delivered by Rev. C. C. Earle, D. D., of Boston.

The annual Lodge of Sorrow by Newport Lodge of Elks will be held at the Newport Opera House on the afternoon of Sunday, December 7th. An elaborate programme is being arranged, and some excellent speakers are expected to be present.

At the first national convention of the American Legion, held in Minneapolis this week, William P. Sheffield, Jr., of this city was chosen an alternate on the National Executive Committee. The principal is G. Edward Buxton of Providence.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

At the regular monthly meeting of the school committee on Monday evening considerable business was transacted. The committee went on record as adopting the increased salaries mentioned for the various teachers at the special meeting last week, without awaiting the action of the representative council, on the ground that the committee had full power to fix the salaries and that it was the duty of the appropriating body to provide the necessary sums to carry them into effect.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

Whole number enrolled 4103, average number belonging 3394.46, average daily attending 3784.6, per cent of attendance 91.7, cases of tardiness 293, cases of dismissal before the end of a session 63.

Absence: 33 sessions by 11 teachers (Miss Lawton not included); tardiness, 16 times by 10 teachers. Absence: 21 sessions by 2 assistants, tardiness 0 times.

Rogers High School—Enrollment 734, or 86 greater than last June. Average number belonging 712, or 166 greater than last June.

Permits. Since the last meeting new permits have been issued as follows: Kindergarten 24, Grades I-IX 34, Rogers High School 5, total 63. All these have entered since the opening of school, in September, 638 permits have been issued, and the pupils have entered school.

The total enrollment (4103) is 409 larger than that of the first day, and 72 larger than last month. On November 1 of last year the enrollment was 3912. The growth is 191.

Evening Schools.

These schools have been in session since September 29. The average attendance has been:

Elementary—Men 32.7, women 13.8, total 46.5.

Mechanical drawing—Men 23.2.

Typewriting and stenography—Men 9.5, women 17.9, total 27.4.

Marine work—Men 10.4.

Total, men 75.8, women 31.7, total 107.5.

The number of illiterate minors is 11. The number of illiterate adults is 25.

Losses.

During the month this office has recorded three deaths—Thomas Hartwell Clarke, William Paine Sheffield and Mary Hannah Hodgson.

Mr. Clarke was the fourth of the eight superintendents and he served from June, 1873, to July, 1882.

Mr. Sheffield was a member of the School Committee during the years 1885-1893 (both inclusive) and 1897-1903 (both inclusive), and he was chairman in 1892 and 1893. He will be remembered especially for his great interest in industrial education. He and his father were instrumental in securing both the Townsend and the Colea funds.

Mary Hannah Hodgson was a very successful primary teacher for 21 years. She was devoted to children and sought in every way to promote their welfare.

The report of Trunk Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 112; number of cases of truancy (public 11, parochial 4, 15; number out for illness and other causes, 97; number of different children truants, 15; number found not attending school, 6; number sent to public schools, 3; number sent to parochial schools, 0; number of certificates issued 2.

On October 17 a boy who was on parole was returned to the Sockanosset School for being a habitual school truant and for sleeping out.

On November 8 a boy who was on probation for larceny and truancy was surrendered for sentence for larceny and truancy. He was sentenced to the Sockanosset School to be detained there for six months.

There was considerable discussion as to whether or not the school committee had the right to go ahead with all its expenditures and simply look to the representative council to provide the money without "exercising any power to curb expenditures, but as there was some difference of opinion, and for other reasons, it was deemed advisable to submit the budget to the committee of 25 as usual.

The school committee also went on record as favoring an appropriation of \$100,000 for the proposed new school building on outer Broadway. The representative council committee on this proposition had seemed to think that the amount was too high, and possibly that a smaller amount might have a greater probability of approval by the tax payers, but the school committee believed this sum to be necessary. This will probably go on the ballot for the December election.

Some routine matters were disposed of, and the committee on buildings announced the resignation of Mr. Hunt, janitor of the Calvert School. His place is now being filled by a substitute.

There was a further hearing before the Public Utilities Committee in Providence on Thursday on the petition of the Newport & Providence Railway Company for permission to operate one-man cars. The success of this form of car in other places was described, and it was pointed out that the unions had not opposed their operation.

UNITY CLUB.

The Unity Club resumed its sessions on Tuesday evening, with a large attendance and under the most favorable auspices for a successful season. The first meeting was in the nature of a social session, four-minute addresses being made by Dr. Abram F. Squire, Mrs. Emma Buckhout, Mrs. Alfred C. Langley and Judge Hugh B. Baker. Refreshments were served and dancing followed.

Previous to the social features there was a short business session at which a large number of new members were elected, including a number of young men and women who made pronounced hits at the Community Playhouse last winter. A number of these volunteered their services to assist the club activities in any way possible, which was very cheering to the management. Heretofore, it has been rather difficult to secure talent willing to participate in the productions before the club, and the addition of a few more willing workers will be very welcome.

The dramatic season will open on Tuesday evening, December 2, when "Peg o' my Heart" will be presented under the direction of Mr. Henry C. Wilkinson. Because of the closing of the Community Theatre, which somewhat divided interest last year, a very successful season is in prospect this year.

PERSONAL PROPERTY TAXES.

Although Tax Collector Higbee is taking in some money daily for personal property taxes, there are still a large number of voters who will have to pay this tax before November 25th in order to be entitled to vote at the city election. It is doubtful if the political parties will pay up the small personal property taxes this year as they have sometimes in the past, and it will be up to each man to look out for his own. According to law, a man is not entitled to vote unless his personal property taxes are paid, but for the past year or two the board of aldermen have construed this to mean that the personal property men can be transferred to the registry list and vote as registry voters. Even so, however, they will not be entitled to vote for aldermen or councilmen.

BATH ROAD WIDENING.

Work on the extension of the Bath road widening project will be begun immediately and will be continued through the winter so that the street will be ready for occupancy as early in the spring as possible. Miss Mason will start at once to remove the large trees that occupy the strip of land which she will give to the city, and a large amount of grading will have to be done, as well as erecting a retaining wall. There is still a possibility of securing land to the eastward of the Mason property so that the widening may be continued to the Beach.

Mr. Fred W. Greene, who has been engaged in business in Newport for many years as an auctioneer and real estate broker, has disposed of his business interests and will shortly remove to California to reside. The business has been purchased by Mr. Herbert L. Marsh, founder of the large grain business of H. L. Marsh & Co., which was purchased a few years ago by Mackenzie & Wipshaw.

At the monthly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, steps were taken to procure bids for caring for the city ambulance and for the collection of the city refuse. Three members of the Newport police force were raised from grade B to grade A on recommendation of the Chief of Police. The other business was principally routine.

Chief Factory Inspector J. Ellery J. Hudson has arraigned several Newport restaurant men this week charged with not keeping food supplies properly covered. The defendants were all Greeks.

Mr. William G. Lewis, for many years doorman at the Opera House, is at the Newport Hospital where he was operated upon for appendicitis and is now reported as comfortable could be expected.

Mr. Louis Graton of Whitman, Mass., a noted expert on strawberry culture, will deliver an address on Strawberries before the next meeting of the Newport Horticultural Society.

Miss Mary E. Powell will read a paper on "The Importance of Miss Jane Fanning" at the quarterly meeting of the Newport Historical Society next Monday afternoon.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, will give a dance in Masonic Hall on December 10.

PORTSMOUTH.

The Town Council and Court of Probate met at the Town Hall on Monday with all the members present.

The petition of J. Norman Hall, asking permission to lay a water pipe across the West Main road, was granted.

It was voted that the town clerk communicate with the superintendent of the Bay State Street Railway, asking that white poles be placed at David B. Anthony's and Michael J. Murphy's and a light at the head of Park avenue.

It was voted to meet the officials of the Bay State Street Railway Company informally on this Saturday evening.

A communication was received from the secretary of the American Legion, expressing the thanks of the Post for the use of the town hall and asking for a repittment of the favor.

In the probate court the will of Jacob Abney, with petition of Gideon W. Abney, asking for letters testamentary thereon, was referred to December 8.

The first and final account of Antonio D. Silverio on the estate of Joa V. Lopez was referred to December 8.

The petition of Walter Knight, to be appointed administrator on the estate of Catherine M. Knight, was allowed; bond was required in the sum of \$1,200 with Everett Appleton, as surety. Appraiser appointed, Harvey A. Baker.

The petition of Aileen P. Knight, asking that her father, Walter A. Knight, be appointed her guardian, was allowed; bond in the sum of \$200, with Mabel K. Bauldwin as surety, appraiser appointed, Harvey A. Baker.

The petition of Walter H. Knight, guardian of Aileen P. Knight, for permission to sell certain real estate belonging to his ward was referred to December 8.

The first and final account of Antonio D. Silverio, administrator on the estate of Loula D. Silverio, was referred to December 8.

The petition of Eliza Cottam to be appointed administrator on the estate of James Cottam, was allowed; bond, being required in the sum of \$2,000, with Eliza Mae Cottam and others as surety. Appraiser appointed, Andrew J. Jennings.

The petition of Albert and Martha Cottam, minors, asking that their mother, Eliza Cottam, be appointed their guardian, was allowed. Bond was required in the sum of \$1,000, with Eliza Mae Cottam and others as surety. Andrew J. Jennings of Fall River was appointed appraiser.

The petition of Eliza Cottam, guardian, to sell her ward's interest in certain real estate was referred to December 8.

Mrs. Eleanor Randall died on Friday at the home of her sister, Miss Fannie T. Clarke, after Mrs. Randall had been ill about two months, and was paralyzed as a result of several strokes. She was born in Brookfield, N. Y., on February 12, 1853, and was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John D. Clarke. She married Byron Randall, who survives her, and they made their home in Clayville, N. Y. Besides her husband and two married children, she is survived by three grandchildren, and a brother, Mr. William B. Clarke, and a sister, Miss Fannie T. Clarke, both of this town. The funeral was held on Monday afternoon at the home of Miss Clarke, with a large number of relatives and friends present. The services were conducted by Rev. Robert Newman, Jr., rector of St. Paul's Church, and the singing was by Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Macomber and Mr. William P. Macomber. The bearers were Messrs. John L. Bowden, William P. Macomber, Richard Macomber and Albert W. Lawrence. There were many beautiful floral tributes, the interment being in the Episcopal cemetery beside her father and mother.

News has been received of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Jones of St. Louis. Mrs. Jones was formerly Miss Barbara Norman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Norman of Brookfield Farm. Mrs. Norman is with her daughter in St. Louis.

Mr. Harold DeBlais is confined to his home with a broken ankle, as a result of an electric light pole falling on it while at work in Jamestown.

A Welcome Home celebration was held on Tuesday evening for the returned soldiers, sailors and marines of this town. The arrangements were made by the Welcome Home Committee—Mrs. John M. Eldredge, Mrs. Frederick Webb and Mrs. William B. Anthony. At 6 o'clock an old-fashioned turkey supper was served to about 40 men in the dining room of Fair Hall, which was decorated with flags and bunting, and was thoroughly enjoyed. At 7:30 a general reception was held in town hall, where they were joined by their friends.

Mr. William B. Anthony, chairman for the evening, introduced the speakers, and read the presentation speech when the medals were given to each of the boys by the town council. Addresses were given by Roswell B. Burchard, Mrs. Roswell B. Burchard of Little Compton and General James Parker.

A musical program was given by Corners orchestra of Fall River, assisted by Mrs. Turner and Mr. Terry, soloists, and Mrs. Manchester as reader. The program was concluded by general singing of "Star Spangled Banner," after which the hall was cleared and dancing was enjoyed for an hour.

There are sixty-six names on the Honor Roll, although they could not all be present.

Mr. Frederick Chase, the oldest war veteran present, was presented with a large bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The company dispersed about 11 o'clock.



CHAPTER V.

The seven days that followed were much as the first; when the white man was not shooting for the pot he was away overseeing his army of laborers. He ate but twice a day, at half past five in the morning, and twelve hours thereafter. To the latter meal Andrea was invariably and formally invited.

At each successive invitation she hesitated a little longer before accepting, and on the seventh night she refused. Any woman can easily understand why, but the surprising thing was that the man seemed to know just what was happening to her spirit. No stomach living can stand pigeon fourteen days in succession, nor is there a maid that can put on the same identical clothes for half that time without feeling demoralized. She knew he knew, for twice during the week he had told her bluntly to hand her lingerie to Bathub at night, and she had found it at her door in the morning, miraculously washed, dried and more or less ironed.

There was nothing in the dawn of the eighth morning to indicate that it was ushering in a day of days, nor did Andrea more than turn her head when shortly after noon two bearers staggered into camp with a steamer trunk slung on a pole between them. There was no reason in the world why she should connect that trunk in any way with herself, even when, an hour after its arrival, she beheld approaching the magnificent and unforgettable specimen of black manhood she had last seen on the morning of her ravishment.

The new-comer dismissed the two bearers, making them take the pole and its lashings with them. They departed after one long, disconsolate look. He then seated himself beside the trunk and never moved until, late in the afternoon, the white man appeared, when he arose, saluted and then made a solemn gesture toward the load others had carried.

The white man's eyes lighted up; he seemed more cheerful than he had been in days.

He spoke to the black in dialect, whereupon he grasped a single handle of the trunk, and with one smooth movement passed it over his shoulder right side up to the crown of his head. He then marched with it into Andrea's sala.

She sprang up. "Why!" she exclaimed and then added, her heart sinking within her, "You don't think that's one of mine, do you? Because it isn't."

She watched to see his face fall, but it didn't. From his pocket he took a bunch of keys, quickly slipped one from the ring and handed it to her. "Please open the trunk. It's certainly yours, as is all that it contains." He turned from her and added, "By the way, I'm dining in khaki tonight."

As Andrea walked slowly to her room, clutching the key tightly, she confessed to herself that she was being eaten alive by curiosity. "If only," she breathed, "there should happen to be one whole pair of stockings!"

Half an hour later, when every last thing the trunk had contained was piled upon her cot, she went to the door and closed it softly; then returned to drop on her knees, throw her arms wide across the accumulation, bury her hot face against one article after another and kiss each in turn.

There is every reason to enumerate that pile of dry goods if only to put on record for the benefit of the sporting world in general a list that it took many years to compile; two to decide what was necessary; eight to determine what of that wasn't. To begin at the bottom, there were two pairs of stout, brown, high laced walking boots; then, in rapid succession, six pairs of lisle thread stockings to match; one pair of boys' pig-skin puttees; six dainty but sensible one-piece undies of softest and whitest woven cotton; three pairs of khaki breeches (youth's size); three khaki skirts, knee length, buttoned with real buttons and buttonholes all the way up the front and all the way up the back; four suits of pajamas, white madras, with silk frogs and knobs; six khaki shirts (two breast pockets each); one belt; three brown ties; one khaki-colored woolen sweater; one mackintosh, with hood; two khaki jackets (enormous pockets); two black hair ribbons and one out-drawn tam-o'-shanter!

There were also a few assorted packages, one or two of which even this frank chronicler refuses to open, but no harm can attach to the mention of a well-stocked housewife, an equally complete toilet case, a bathrobe, a pair of bedroom slippers, and a long, flat cardboard box that had been at the bottom of the trunk, and which Andrea had as yet refrained from exploring. On it was written in a strangely masculine hand: "The Return of the Native."

She opened it now and disclosed one of those adorable flimsy hybrid frocks, a double cross between afternoon, evening and elf-sand wear; one set of orange de chine lilies; two pairs of silk stockings; one pair of satin slippers. "And he said he's going to wear khaki tonight!" she moaned.

It is necessary to state that she presently got up on her knees and beginning at the head of the bed, started to try on every last thing! She did, and she was only half through when Bathub knocked on the door and announced, "Scarf ready." No invitation this time—no order.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed and rushed for the utterly inadequate mirror.

Five minutes later her door opened and she stepped out, slowly, like some shy thing of the forest. Flushed of cheek, brilliant of eye, she walked toward the man. Oh, big black bowl! Oh, hair startling one way and going another, leaping a squared shoulder to come to rest and rise and fall against the rounded face of a firm young breast! Oh, vision! Oh, youth! Oh, day and hour of the gray heart! The man looked and saw that her knees were round, her legs straight. "Thank God," he murmured.

He was dressed as she was, fit for fat, except for the big black bow and the very short skirt; and, like her, his hands were thrust, his fashion, in the side pockets of his open khaki jacket. As she came close their eyes met and smiled. "I didn't put on the leggings," she said shyly. It was as though in changing back to ways and clothes like those of childhood she had suddenly rid herself of the hardening years between.

"You were right," said the man. "They're for the brush and when mosquitoes are bad."

Her face lit with pleasure. "You'll let me go into the brush?"

"Never alone," he answered quickly. "But you may go with me whenever and wherever you like."

"And may I still call you just White Man? Somehow it seems impertinent now."

"Don't tease me," said the man lightly and then his face fell. "Don't make me feel old."

"Old?" cried Andrea. "Who could be old tonight? Why, White Man, we're—we're kids!"

He laughed in his sudden relief. "So we are. So we shall be."

"Excuse me," said Andrea solemnly. "Did I hear you laugh?"

At that he laughed again, not uproariously, but as though his slow smile had become vocal for the occasion.



"I Didn't Put On the Leggings," She Said Shyly.

Andrea nodded in a pleased way as if she were congratulating herself on guessing aright; it was a laugh. When the liqueurs and the coffee came she started chasing a pellet of bread around an empty plate with a straight, small finger. "You fix one," she said, "and we'll have a race."

The man watched her indulgently, but absent-mindedly. Presently he filled two glasses. "My dear Andrea Pellow," he said gravely, "let us drink to all the hearts in the world tonight that are happy and unafraid."

She stood up to the toast, and after it they sat in a long silence. It was Andrea that broke it. "You know, White Man, I'm a woman."

"Of course you are," he said quickly, a way look coming into his eyes.

"Yes," said Andrea. "So of course, too, I'm curious."

He gave the deep sigh of relief of one who finds that the ice is quite thick, after all. "Specify, please."

"Well," said Andrea. "It's that trunk. I've puzzled and puzzled, but I can't make out quite how that trunk happened."

"And no wonder," said M'sungu. "It's simple enough, however, to the male mind. Let me help you. When I came out eight months ago my sister was with me—just about your size, just about your age. That trunk was meant for her and had been sent ahead with my kit. She never needed it. He paused and added, "I lost her at

Cape Town."

"Oh!" cried Andrea, too-ready tears springing to her eyes.

"Yes," he continued calmly. "It was pretty bad. She married a cub of a naval officer and is traipsing around the world on the chance of lifting the right port and lurching with him once."

Andrea's hand went to her breast and stayed there as though to imprison her fluttering heart. "White Man," she said, "please don't do that to me again—ever. You see, I've always been silly about things that get hurt."

"Forgive me," he said. "I was thoughtless."

"Careless, perhaps; thoughtless, never," said Andrea, smiling once more. "Well," she went on, clasping her hands and throwing her head back, "I'm for your sister. The woman that could make up that trunk is a genius."

"She would be," remarked the man enthusiastically.

Andrea paused in her thoughts; then came wide awake and looked at him narrowly.

"White Man, didn't a woman make up that trunk?"

"No, there are few women living that could. Think it out. That trunk was all bone, muscle and sinew—with an after-dinner cigarette at the bottom. Why, the last time I saw Missie she had two small moving vans and a wicker house she thought she was going to bring with her. I'd fixed it with a quartermaster to drop the lot overboard in the night and at the last moment. She never even heard of this trunk."

During his long speech the color had been rising in Andrea's cheeks. "I don't think I like you as much as I did," she said slowly. "Somehow you were getting too good to be true. You bought and packed all those things yourself?"

He met her gaze steadily. "Don't," he whispered, "don't let's be old."

"All right," said Andrea with a quick shrug of one shoulder. "But you've known lots of women, haven't you?"

"You exaggerate," he answered, smiling. "I've met lots of women."

"I shall," said Andrea. "That's another old crack of a shipboard. Some men know lots about women—a jolly sight too much."

"That's different from knowing women," he said quietly. "It's not the same."

"It is," he said, "an eternal voyage of discovery—land of valleys and peaks of lights and shadows, of storm and aching peace. Continents and oceans are lost in her untraveled heart, and when she throws wide her arms, the way is open to Heaven and Hell."

"I'm going to bed," murmured Andrea, and stole away.

It was just as well for Andrea that she had gone early to bed, for at five o'clock of the next morning a rock was hurled at her door that almost burst it in.

"Didn't that get her?" yelled M'sungu's voice from half across the kraal.

"No, Master," answered Bathub. "Missie sleep plenty hard, same like pickanin."

She slipped on her bathrobe, opened the door and put out her head. "Were you calling me?" she asked with early morning dignity.

"Not exactly," answered the white man in the same tone. "Breakfast in twenty minutes; bath when you come home." He turned to give orders to a group of his captains.

Andrea was instantly thrilled to the new adventure. She called to Bathub to bring her washbasin and water and rubbed one bare foot against the other in impatience until he was out of the way; then she dressed feverishly and ran out.

In ten minutes they had breakfasted; in five more they were off. A long line of blacks preceded them, behind came M'sungu's gunbearer, water boys, Bathub, a carrier or two, and an ancient donkey half hidden under an enormous cowboy saddle.

"What a funny looking old donkey!" remarked Andrea. "What's he for?"

"For you, when you get tired," answered M'sungu.

"Really? For me?" said Andrea. "What's his name?"

M'sungu threw back his head and laughed softly. "Why," he said, "I never thought I'd have to tell any one when I named him. We call him Marguerite. I named him after a friend of mine."

"Was she as ugly as all that?"

"Oh, no. She's about the prettiest woman I ever knew, but she was just like him inside. Try to head him off some time."

"The best way to head off a woman," mused Andrea, "is to marry her."

"That's so," agreed M'sungu promptly, "but friendship has limits."

They were necessarily walking in single file on the narrow path and Andrea was behind him. She looked quizzically at his back and wished she could see his face instead. But her attention was soon drawn to other things. They had come to the fringe of the forest. Spaced from two to three hundred yards apart and set well out from the shadow of the trees were mysterious piles of something or other that shone straw-gold under the morning sun.

At the first of the heaps M'sungu stopped. "This," he said, kicking at the silky coils, "is the greatest substitute for hemp and sisal that the world has yet produced. The war has made it worth—well, not quite its weight in gold, unless you measure it by sheer profits on the cost of production. It is nothing but the bark of the temba trees which make up the bulk of all the forests in this region, prepared by hand on a process of my own."

Andrea looked at the endless piles of fiber, tons and tons of it, stretching away like the posts in a prairie fence. "And you say this is a secret?" she asked incredulously.

He smiled. "It is so far," he answered. "But if you knew all the facts you wouldn't find it so wonderful. In the first place this spot is cut off on nearly all sides by waterless wilderness. In the only direction that isn't true, which is straight down the river,

there is a wild zone that in four hundred years has never been pacified by the European dominance of the province. Those unsubdued tribes have been my friends in times past and are my allies today. No white man but myself, has ever crossed their boundaries and lived; consequently they can tell no tales to my harm. Do you begin to see?"

Andrea nodded.

"Then at the coast," he continued, "just within the mouth of the river, I have a blind in the way of a sisal plantation. That gives the excuse for a steamer with machinery, say, to come in without arousing suspicion."

"So you are a profiteer on the way to making a war fortune," commented Andrea.

He flushed more deeply than she had yet seen him. "If you stay here long enough," he said stoutly, "you may understand."

He turned from her and plunged at right angles into the forest. She followed him into the chill air under the great trees. All too soon Andrea came out with him into a wide clearing which, simultaneously with their arrival, began to ring to the blows of many axes. Through all its length it swarmed with blacks at work; some felling trees, some stripping lichen of bark, others gathering it, and still others stacking the bared wood and cleaning up the general litter according to the most approved rules of modern forestry.

They walked up the wide swath of the clearing slowly, with many stops on the part of M'sungu to encourage, direct or criticize. They passed beyond the ringing of the axes into a region pungent with the smell of burning greenwood. Along one side, the side away from the fringe of the forest, was a long line of smoke spirals.

He waved at them. "If you see what the're doing? Our axes run out, so here's a line for the old native way. You see, we are at the foot of each of these trees."

By eight o'clock the sun was at its full strength and Andrea was thankful indeed for her pith helmet; by ten she was thinking that noontime would never come. M'sungu was too engrossed with his work to notice her. She kept on, riding her nerve, until she felt that in another moment she must topple over; then she held a quivering hand on his arm. He turned quickly, looked at her face gone white in spite of the heat and cursed himself aloud.

He led her through the fringe of the forest to the deep shade at its open edge, made her lie down and showed her that a helmet, right side up on the ground, makes an excellent pillow.

"I'm off. Promise you won't be lonely, for it will be hours before I get back."

Andrea's lower lip trembled. "Aren't you coming for lunch?"

He looked down at her and shook his head. "There may come days of plenty, youngster, but they're a long way off."

"Please come back," she insisted.

He met her eyes with a hardened gaze. "There's not a woman living," he said slowly, "that will let a man work when she's around—if she can help it."

"You're thinking of people in love," said Andrea to start an argument and gain time.

"Of course I was," said the man on the instant. "Can't you let me work?"

"Beast," said Andrea and rolled over on her side, one moist hand for a pillow in place of the hard helmet. She did not watch him go, she did not see Bathub and another boy arrive with table, chair and lunch basket, all in a single small load, for before it happened she was far away in the land of Nod. When she awoke she was sorry, for awake the hot hours passed on laggard feet. At midday she ate; then she tried to read, but by four in the afternoon she was desperate for something to do. She determined to sleep again, and just as she was dozing off a whisper came to her—one of those carefully measured whispers that reach the intended ear and go no farther.

"Missis!"

She turned. "What is it?" she asked.

"Gashly! Missis," breathed Bathub, and the agony in his appeal to her to go slow was so eloquent that she caught the spirit, if not the meaning of the word.

She raised her head ever so carefully and looked out over the plain. "Oh!" she murmured.

A quarter of a mile away a band of sable were grazing, and in a moment she could tell that they were feeding directly toward her. "Oh!" she breathed again, "oh, you besuties!"

Closer and closer grazed the herd, stepping daintily from tuft to tuft of fodder. Their black and white faces, the sweep of their arching horns, their brown bodies that glistened in the sun as though they had been groomed, their nervous flicking bobbed tails, their incredibly slim legs, combined all the attributes of fascination—beauty, vigor, strength, motion—and filled the eyes of the watchers to overflowing.

In the van of the herd stepped a mighty bull, his gray hoofs lifting high as though he boasted that his weight was really nothing. Straight toward the forest and Andrea he led his little army until presently she could smell the stable odor of their bodies. Her heart was beating like a trip hammer. She tried to hold her breath. Her bosom rose and fell in a fluttering undulation. The bull looked up and saw her. His horns went back and he squatted, hesitating on the brink of the mighty spring of fright. In his eyes was a gleam unbelievably wicked.

Then the crack of a rifle, the thud of a bullet in flesh, a body hurled into the air by the death-throe and falling in a heap, legs doubled up, neck outstretched, blood gurgling from nostrils and mouth!

Andrea buried her face in her lap, trying to blot out the sight from her eyes, and sobbed as though her heart were breaking. She did not hear the



In His Eyes Was a Gleam Unbelievably Wicked.

with cry of Bathub, nor see his congratulations about the prostrate brute, but when the white man spoke her mind leaped to meet the justification in his words, without which she felt she could never have looked upon his face again.

"Stop your crying," he said shortly. "When a sable bull gets as close as that, there's no telling which way he's going to go."

CHAPTER VI.

M'sungu led the march home; the donkey came next, with his nose glued to M'sungu's back and with Andrea in the saddle. Clinging to his tail with both hands, more as a drag-anchorage than as deterrent, came Bathub, and behind him the long rank and file. Andrea was still smiling a little, but her tear-stained face, like a child's, was already cloudless.

"I think Marguerite is too funny," she said. "He's got his eyes tight shut and he's steering himself by his nose in your shirt. Will you please tell Bathub to let go his tail?"

"Bathub knows his business," replied M'sungu, but, as it happened, even as he spoke, Bathub cast off one hand to receive a lighted white cheroot, a communal bit of property that had come up the line of personal attentants, six puffs to a "boy." He never got a puff, for on feeling less weight behind, Marguerite opened his eyes, looked straight back on both sides of his lean body at once, flattened his ears and broke from the path at a dead run.

The high cattle of the stock saddle saved Andrea from staying just where she started from. She was a horse-woman, born and bred, consequently even while her amazement was at its height, she wrapped the reins on her arms, drove her toes into the bucket stirrups and straightened her young back into the long, strong and sawing pull of calm desperation, for Marguerite was headed straight for the leafy, low-hanging branches of a vast mafuta tree.

Yells of delight resounded from every black man in sight with exception of poor Bathub, who had regained his double hand-hold only after having been jerked from his feet, and now dangled along like the proverbial village tin can on the trail of a terrified dog.

Above the din came to Andrea's very busy brain a shout that stood out like a sudden scream in a long nightmare. "Marry him or jump off! Before she could grasp the deadly import of those words she was hanging like a half-closed jackknife over a limb of the tree watching Marguerite browse as though nothing had happened, his tail still tightly grasped by a now grinning Bathub.

Ten minutes later the procession was under way again in the order aforementioned with the variation that the reins of the bridge were knotted to the back of M'sungu's belt. Andrea, too dazed to protest, pondered over this indignity, but when she finally found her voice she decided to use it for another purpose.

"I think it was horrid of the blacks to yell the way they did," she remarked with suspicious meekness. "Don't you?"

M'sungu seemed relieved. "I certainly do," he answered promptly. "But you'll have to accustom yourself to the fact that obolo is the basic consideration between the black man and all women in the world."

"What do you mean?" asked Andrea, mystified. "What's obolo?"

"In this country," explained M'sungu, "obolo is the market price for women. The best native authorities, however, contend that obolo is not a purchase price but the remuneration to the father for the board, training and general keep of his daughter up to the time of her marriage, and they base their argument on the fact that while women are property they are not chattel, title being nontransferable."

"Can damaged goods be exchanged?" inquired Andrea icily.

"Certainly," he answered, absorbed in his topic. "Exchanged where there's another daughter available; where there isn't, money is refunded by order of the courts. But what I was driving at is that in spite of the contention mentioned above, wherever a woman is concerned a black can never get it out of his head that she can be replaced at the regular market price. Now you've got the kernel of his whole attitude toward women."

"So if it had been you they wouldn't have laughed and yelled."

"In this case, yes," he said. "They most certainly would, because they had no direct responsibility. But where responsibility attaches the rule for men is a life for a life, and it's a rule that has no exceptions. Anyone can brain a woman if he feels like it and get away with the identical obolo her husband paid for her."

"You seem to be a great admirer of the native social system," said Andrea quietly.

"I am," answered M'sungu. "For natives, of course."

"Are you sure you're not a bit tainted with it for yourself?"

"Sure," he answered promptly. "That's part of the secret of my grip on every country I've shot over. I'm aloof. I've never turned my back on the White Man's God. Circular A is not for me."

"What's Circular A?"

He hesitated. "Circular A," he said finally, "is the regulation that governs the relations between British officials under the colonial office and the women of the tribes they govern."

"I'm British," said Andrea, after a pause, "and I blush for the necessity."

"You are prompt, like most of us," said M'sungu, "to sit in judgment before any force of nature that you've never felt. Poor devils of clean-bred youngsters! Take one that I knew. Three weeks' training under his predecessor, crazy to leave; a hundred thousand natives under his sole rule; one, perhaps two, bearded white faces a year. The long, long days after the sportsman has been swallowed by the pot-hunter, when game becomes just meat! And then, the fatal hour at dusk when a passing native girl—any girl—looks to him like some woman at home! He marries, not by canonicals perhaps, but by the common law of the land, and the 'people at home' shout 'crucify him,' but in the end it's God alone that will judge his agony and measure the price."

He stopped speaking and for a long time they traveled in silence. The sun was sinking fast—so fast that it seemed to be dropping by jerks, like the loose hand of a grandfather's clock.

"There is no twilight in the tropics," said M'sungu, "by the deliberate judgment of God who knows the capacity of the heart of man and would not have it burst."

"I can feel what you mean," answered Andrea, "even though you haven't really said it in words. The heart can hold just so much beauty and no more; and even now, mine is aching!"

"Andrea Pellow," said M'sungu, "you have the faculty of your sex. You have pinned the butterfly."

She felt a sudden revulsion, a rage at this man, this stranger, who talked as she imagined he would fight, without gloves. Her eyes narrowed. "By the way, when Marguerite bolted, just what was it you shouted at me?"

He paused in his stride so suddenly that the dozing donkey butted into him and almost knocked him over. "Eh! What?" he asked to gain time.

"Come on," persisted Andrea. "Just say it again—what you shouted?"

"Well," lied M'sungu, "I may not remember the exact words, but it was to the effect that you'd better head him off or jump off."

"Something like that," said Andrea incisively. "Only shorter. You yelled, 'Marry him or jump off!'"

"I believe you're right," said M'sungu, and added, apologetically, "You see, I didn't have much time to think."

"Exactly!" said Andrea. "Instantly all you saw was a joke, like every nigger in the line. You didn't care what happened to me. I might have been brained under that tree and you knew it and all you could think of was that you just had time to get in one more nasty bit of cleverness before—I died!"

"Oh, no," protested M'sungu. "Go easy, now. Why, Marguerite has done that dozens of times. He knows exactly how to slice off his rider. And besides, he always stops."

"But what if he hadn't—what if he had?" continued Andrea hotly. "You know what I mean. What if he had killed me?"

"But he wouldn't," insisted the man weakly. "He wouldn't think of it. Andrea pounded the horn of her donkey. "But—what—if—he—had?"

M'sungu suddenly whirled, slowly winding the quiescent neck of Marguerite around his waist. He caught Andrea by both arms and fixed her startled eyes with the blaze of his



"Obolo Is the Market Price for Women."

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Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

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DIME NOVELS COMING BACK

In Eighteen Months "Nick Carter" Has Had Sales That Have Been Record Breaking.

Nick Carter has come into his own again. The king of the "paperbacks" has made a record-breaking return to popularity. About eighteen months ago his sales began to mount steadily until the entire supply of Nick Carter books was exhausted, says the Sun.

His return to fame was unexpected. It was not the result of an advertising campaign, for the publishers of the paper-bound books do not advertise. They depend instead for the sale of their books on the lists printed in the back pages of each volume.

And Nick Carter was not the only member of the "paperback" tribe to return. All the old favorites—Laura Jean Libbey, Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Augusta J. Evans—have "come back" surprisingly.

Five years ago everyone was willing to predict that the movies had killed the production of cheap books. That is could be absorbed more quickly from the screen than from the printed page—and the price was the same.

Publishers of the paper books are uncertain whether their old reading public has tired of the motion picture or whether a new class of readers has arisen. Of one thing they are certain, though, the demand for the 10 and 15-cent book has increased fourfold. If it were not for the increased cost of production these publishers would be reaping the harvest of their lives.

Stories of American life—as seen by Bertha M. Clay and other writers of her class—and detective stories are most in demand. Fortune-telling books and letter writers also have a large steady sale. "Dream" books were never so popular as they are today, their publishers say.

PETE HAD OBEYED ORDERS

Literally-Minded Soldier Came Near Getting His Commanding Officer Into a Bad Mess.

There is a certain young officer who, according to his own story, is thanking his stars that General Pershing had a sense of humor.

"Some of my men were Polish, and better soldiers never lived, but I guess in Poland life has been one long, sad story," said the officer. "Anyway, I never ran across a bunch who took things so literally. One night the Germans sent out a three-inch shell that landed square in the trench. In the morning I told one of my men, Pete, we called him, to take it away."

"Where shall I take it?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," I answered peevishly, "put it to bed in Pershing's tent."

"A little later a brother officer came along and said: 'The old man wants you, and there's something doing.' 'I couldn't imagine what was up until I stood before the chief. He eyed me sternly and then pointed to his bunk, and would you believe it, there was that blamed shell. Pete sure had obeyed orders. Well, I thought I was in for it, but Pershing suddenly began to smile. He said: 'I just want to caution you not to order Pete to capture Berlin until the rest of us are ready to go with him. He might go and do it, you know.'"—Rebboth Sunday Herald.

All That Affected Her.

That the Empress Eugenie is not prone to brood sentimentally over the past is evidenced by an incident that occurred some years ago. She visited Windsor castle, a palace in which in the golden days of the empire she was received as an honored guest. Those who accompanied her on this second visit hovered near her, fearing that she would be overcome with the contrast between the past and the present, especially when she viewed the apartments fitted up for her use and which had not been changed. But it was merely her artistic sense that was offended. The hangings of the huge bed were of imperial purple with the green of Napoleon, and the ex-empress remarked disgustedly, "Toujours ces affreux rideaux!" "Always those frightful curtains."

Where the Sexes Differ.

A woman can do a thing she doesn't want to do without making unpleasant remarks, but few men can.

Her Musical Choice.

"So your daughter is musical?" "Yes." "Is she going in for classical works?" "No. Jazzical."

Should Be Remembered.

Many people should remember that service, not self-service, was the great lesson of the war.

A Vamp.

"Where are you going?" "To get my shoes mended." "Is there a holy cobbler in town?"

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHITE MAN

Continued from Page 2

own. "You will have it!" he said, shaking her lightly, "your d— personal element! Well, I'll give it to you. If he'd hurt so much as a hair of your head I'd have shot him and then myself and left word with you to bury us both in the same grave."

She flushed and looked away. When her eyes came back to his set face there were three kinds of sparkling wickedness in them—tenderness, the forked tongue of a serpent, and a two-edged knife. She chose the knife.

"White Man," she said, "that would have been adorable at the price—simply adorable!"

The weeks that followed were the re-making of Andrea physically. Each day she walked more and felt it less. From head to toes her body was without blemish and in her eyes, her cheeks and in the spring of her light step, sheer health flew its rejoicing banner. Day by day she followed M'sungu farther afield, took more of an interest in what he was doing because she understood it better and learned to wait before she sat in judgment on his actions, often surprising, always swift and assured. She even hardened herself to accompanying him on his hunts for meat for the camp and there was nothing that he did that gave her a deeper insight into his composition than this same butchering.

He made no secret of his distaste for the job and never an apology. Having a disagreeable task on his hands he faced it squarely and going out to kill, laid his plans, held to them with unswerving concentration and killed with a dispatch that was blood-curdling but admirable.

It was during the return from one of these expeditions that he expounded his definition of justifiable plunder. With his memory raw, as is the whole world's, from contact with the long-heralded Superannu came to life to expose in the flesh the brutalizing doctrine of "Dine in mine if I can take it," he found himself on treacherous ground and his words picked their way slowly as though bent on avoiding all misunderstanding.

"It is the truth," he said thoughtfully, "that the spirit of man advances only by plunder and the corollary to that is the fact that the plundered world is always the more fruitful, but the unprincipled sin as far as peoples are concerned is the failure to define robbery under arms from productive plunder, and you can almost say the same thing of individual relationship."

He glanced at her and something of his earnestness passed to her with the look. "Go on," she said kindly.

"Can you believe me," he continued, "when I tell you that no one was more surprised than the Superman himself when he assumed flesh after his long preparation and awoke to find himself a Vandal—a Frankenstein? The theory was perfect—all that was lacking were the things of the spirit, the breath of life without which any animated creation becomes automatically a monster."

"And yet the collective spirit of man advances only by plunder. You can see it in my own country, yesterday, in Africa today and it will come in the other Americas tomorrow. The greatest thing ever said by Salisbury, a rock among men, was that ruins are not evidence of occupation and that packed epigram brings us face to face with danger at the fork of the road of freedom."

"Oh, White Man," said Andrea, her brow puckered with internal effort, "please apply it to individuals."

He started to nall her to the traditions of her sex but something truly splendid in the tone of her voice made him turn boldly to the personal, after all, and however much we may leer at it, the ultimate measure of sincerity. "I will," he said. "If ever I'm bent on plundering the heart of a woman, I'll travel the highroad of surrender in the company of courage and love. I'll give and still give and with each giving will grow the heaped mountain of my demands. You see it, don't you? That's justifiable plunder."

Andrea's cheeks flushed, her eyes were dreamy with new thoughts and old emotions.

While the supply of the vast larder and the supervision of the fiber camp formed the major part of M'sungu's midday industry they were by no means the total of his affairs. Watching him, Andrea soon learned why he never lunched. He hadn't the time; too many things pressed to his attention. He was a governor on no mean scale and during the midday rest hour he would pass from group to group settling all those disputes which could be determined without recourse to legal argument. In this manner he sifted to a minimum the cases to come before the solemn conclave of chiefs.

On the first occasion that Andrea witnessed this tribal ceremony which occurred monthly at a certain stage of the moon, she began by feeling humbled but, lacking an audience for her mood, soon gave it up for one of scornful amusement which, in turn, surrendered to an interest that almost amounted to awe. The day in question began with the curt information from M'sungu, who appeared carefully groomed and, for the first time in her experience, dressed in pantheistic muffs, that she would have to amuse herself for twelve hours without his aid. Mystified, she awaited developments, and they came—rapidly.

Under the great arched roof of a table and behind a camp fire, Andrea sat in a crescent of justice, seated in a crescent of justice, other seats of varying dignity—chairs, petroleum cases, kerosene tins and an inverted bucket—for every native thing, be he monarch of but one village, has the right to sit in the presence of authority, whatever its grade. The white man took the armchair and immediately, to the rumble of a dozen tom-toms, a horde of natives—all men—swarmed into the beaten court of the council.

Those natives who lacked the royal hall-mark were squatting on their heels in a vast mass of serrated and concentric circles of which the innermost left an open space whose periphery was determined by the exact circumference of the wide-spreading branches of the tree. Andrea coughed softly but M'sungu did not look up—lu fact, nobody looked up. It was exactly as though she were not. She slipped to the trunk of a tree and leaned on one hand placed against it. Somehow it seemed an only friend to an empty world.

The ter of much business, even his natural pronouncements, grunts, pauses, more monologues, repeated grunts; but, once it was over, M'sungu settled back with a sigh and started dispensing



Dispensing Justice With a Breathless Rush.

ing justice with a breathless rush that reminded one of the manner in which he dispatched game.

It seemed to Andrea that he never waited to hear more than the statement of the offense when he would immediately pronounce sentence. "Twenty lashes; next! Thirty lashes; next! Twelve lashes; next!" at the rate of about a case for every two minutes. Nine times out of ten the victim would smile sheepishly and withdraw. In the tenth case there would come a look of sullen wonder into the culprit's face, whereupon the white man would promptly call a halt and demand more evidence. Such cases were then allotted half an hour and even an hour each, and without exception resulted in the acquittal of the prisoner at the bar.

Andrea was suddenly aware of M'sungu's voice indubitably addressed to her though he kept his eyes to the front and spoke in a toneless monologue as if he were communing with himself. "Behold! Psychology on the job," he said. "Watch their faces. Every native that knows his sentence to be just, takes it with an apologetic smile; if he looks sullen, the chances are a hundred to one that he's innocent. I've never gone wrong. They think I'm a wonder. Next!"

One case alone that day was apparently interminable. When at last it was completed M'sungu dropped his eyes for the first time and sat for a long while with bowed head; then he drew erect, looked the prisoner in the eye and spoke three words. A gray line crept into the black's face as he turned away. "I have surrendered him to the justice of his tribe," murmured M'sungu. "Poor devil!" And Andrea knew that she had witnessed the precursor to an inevitable sentence of death.

That night M'sungu was too tired to talk and excused himself immediately after dinner. Andrea read until her eyes ached and then went to bed wondering if she were feeling only slighted or if existence were actually becoming monotonous. She shrank from the latter admission for she knew that, once made, it would shatter the longest run of sheer peace of spirit which she had experienced in her short but much-bored life. She need not have worried. When she stepped out early next morning dressed for the field in compliance with a message from M'sungu to put on her roughest and toughest she was so excited that even the memory of her doubt was blotted from her mind. Something was in the air of the camp that could be felt rather than heard, the sort of something that one could imagine possessing a hive just before it began to hum.

M'sungu was already sitting under the dining tree engaged in a diminutive palaver with three wizened blacks who squatted on the ground squatting up at him and speaking in turn in answer to his patient questioning. Around them but at a respectful distance were gathered various members of the camp's personal staff. On the faces of the wizened three and also on M'sungu's was the same look of fanatical exaltation, the look that proclaimed any group of diverse men brothers at heart.

"What is it?" asked Andrea, breathless from hurrying.

"Elephant," replied M'sungu. He drew a chair to his side. "Sit down," he said softly as one whose mind is half-narcotized and fearful of losing the dream. "Watch and listen, for these men bring great tidings." He smiled almost like a boy.

One of the wizened produced a thin wand, about twenty inches in length, freshly broken at one end. He passed it to his companions; who stared at it as though they saw it for the first in-

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

stead of the hundredth time, Angered it, gurgled over it and finally gravely handed it to M'sungu. He went through more or less the same process and re-

turned it to her. She was apparently a smiling blank.

The man glanced up with a pained look on his face, arose, laid the wand on the ground as a measure and with laborious fingers began to trace a mighty oval. M'sungu leaned across the table and gazed with fascinated eyes; Andrea, watching him, could see the pulse throbbing at his temples. He was a new M'sungu, somebody young, approachable, lovable, an eager boy.

He leaned close to his shoulder. "Please, White Man," she murmured, "please tell me."

Without turning he put one hand out and grasped her wrist as though to still her. "This little man," he explained, "is drawing the spoor of a mighty beast. Look at it and learn it by heart, for it will be a photograph."

Having completed the circumference of his oval, the native was making various tracings on its face, dividing it as with a maze of tracks. When he had apparently finished, he sank back on his heels and gazed critically at his handiwork.

"Watch," said M'sungu. "Before he gets up, he'll put in some mark, some distinctive feature that distinguishes this spoor from all others."

No sooner had he spoken than the black leaped forward and with a sure touch deepened two of the cracks till they formed a long narrow V running diagonally half across the oval. That done he turned abruptly from his drawing, joined his comrades, turned his back on M'sungu and unstoppering a cartridge case, proceeded to take snuff.

M'sungu straightened with a long quivering sigh. "It is well," he said in dialect. "We will go." The three wizened men nodded their heads many times and grunted. With no further instruction, gunbearers, water boys, trackers and Marguerite's attendant scattered to their various preparations, hindered by excited women and children. The camp hummed. Bathub slapped breakfast on the table and then stood on one foot, then on the other in impatience. On the faces of all was the same half-smile, the same look of suppressed but mighty anticipation.

M'sungu ate a few mouthfuls but they seemed to choke him. He pushed back his plate, stuffed his pipe full and lit it. His eyes played over Andrea's face and fired hers with their own brilliance. When he spoke every word thrilled her as though this wonderful morning were surcharged with an emotional current sensitive to every sound and movement.

"Andrea Pellor," he said with a happy twinkle of mock solemnity in his glance, "you are about to be initiated into the mysteries of the major guild of many centuries, the closest corporation of sport in the world; in three words, the society of elephant hunters. You will probably witness death and I hope and pray it will be the death of the hunted, but for the comfort of your soft heart let me tell you that today we go forth not to slaughter but to battle."

He turned his eyes from her face and continued in a more serious strain: "The hunting of elephant is a science. It is a crescent of delicate balanced factors that starts from two distinct points and beginning on a cool foundation of mutual respect passes upward through stages of intellectual and physical tension, caution

for caution, perseverance on the heels of endurance, until it meets on the high plane of naked courage and sweeps to its tragic climax of white-hot battle and death."

His eyes came back to hers frankly. "Like all the great sciences," he continued, "it has used the lives of valiant men for stepping-stones so that we who go out today are backed by the age-long sacrifice of a noble company. Looking back only to the days of black powder and the four-boro rifle we are more pygmies, but pygmies carried high on the crest of an ancient tradition. It's because we have an accumulation of knowledge to lean upon that I'm willing to take you with me today if you'll promise to surrender yourself to me, to do just exactly what I tell you and no more and no less."

Eyes wide and intent, cheeks flushed and lips parted, Andrea was too excited to speak. She threw out both hands toward him in a gesture of abandon and with an imploring gravity that made her look as though she were giving herself into his keeping not for a day but for all time.

To be continued

Drinks of Colonial Times.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania early in its career translated into English an account by the Swedish traveler Israel Acrelius of the different sorts of strong drink that were popular hereabouts.

"Mum" was made of water, sugar and rum, and was the chief stock-in-trade of many a tavernkeeper. "Munah" was rum, sugar and beer. "Munah" was made of milk, wine and sugar. "Titt" was beer, rum and sugar poured on buttered toast.

"Sampson" lived up to the name—a mixture of cider and rum. The ingredients of "sugarcow" were wine, water, sugar and nutmeg. When brandy and sugar were added to cider it became "elder royal." "Raw dram" was the title for straight rum.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Moonrocks Two Million Years Old.

Writing on the probable antiquity of moonrocks, as shown by the geological record, Prof. T. D. A. Cockrell of the University of Colorado, states that the oldest forms positively identified as belonging to the genus *Culex* or other genera of the mosquito family have been found in Eocene rocks, and are probably about two million years old. A form known as *Culex damodarum* was described by Scudder from the Green River beds of Wyoming. Another Eocene species has lately been discovered by Mr. D. B. Winchester of the United States geological survey, near Cathedral Bluff, in western Colorado, and is to be called *Culex winchesteri*.—Scientific American.

War-Wounded Fish.

The Inspector for the British Eastern Sea Fisheries board, in a report says "The fishery officer at Mablethorpe informs me that of the cod caught on long lines one in five, and occasionally more, had wounds. Some were totally blind, others without an eye, and the larger number were wounded in the body."

"The Cromer officer told me that he and the fishermen on the Norfolk coast had noticed many codfish with wounds and scars. The Sheringham officer states that the packers have come across many injured cod, some having as many as five wounds. One had lost its tail."

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GHOST STORIES VARY LITTLE

Invariably Only Two Elements at the Base of Japanese Tales of the Supernatural.

The elements at the base of the ghost story of Japanese thought are simple. They are fear and anger, two emotions not separable, the one implying the other and forming a single motive—a fact perhaps true throughout the rule of the exercise of these two passions. . . . They deal with men and women, and are complete novels of everyday life. Of the past, there is the carefully preserved traditional treatment, an accurate as the delightful reproduction of old-time costumes and old-time life found in the long line of artists of the brush, whether in painting or literature.

But this is a trait of the race, so eminently given to minute detail in featuring its environment. Its prejudices are instilled in the great importance and strict injunction as to observance and practice of long-time custom, in the ready reference of divers ill to old superstitions always uppermost in the popular mind, some widely spread, others severely local. . . . With all the varied detail and confusion of plot, the stories are all cast in the same rigid lines. In general terms—one read, all have been read. This can be attributed to the essential sameness found throughout Japanese social life. The ghost itself is to be mentioned.

It is an unworshiped spirit, or, owing to some atrocious injury in life, it stays to wander the earth and to secure vengeance on the living perpetrator. The mind concentrated in its hate and malice at the last moment of life seizes to the spirit a continued and unhappy sojourn among the living until the vengeance be secured, the grudge satisfied and the spirit pacified. There are other unhappy conditions of this revolting life's scenes; as when the dead mother returns to nurse her infant, or the dead mistress to console a love. Vengeance satisfies the grudge, time assuages grief; but the ghost can err by excess and find no easy pacification. The most strenuous efforts of any but the saintliest of men are without success in the redemption. In the case of Sullen, the reprobate cleric yet stakes the earth in spite of the prayers of generations of sinners and sinless, offered at the Suwa shrine; an instance of malignant persistence rare even in the ghostly annals of Nippon.—Asia Magazine.

Plans to Export Pure-Bred Stock.

To work out plans for increasing the exportation of pure-bred breeding stock from the United States to South America, David Harrell and H. P. Morgan of the bureau of markets, will go to South America as representatives of the United States department of agriculture. They recently conferred in Chicago with secretaries of various breeding associations. Secretaries representing all breeds of hogs and all but two of cattle attended. Ways and means of stimulating interest among South American stock raisers in importations of pure-bred stock from this country were discussed. It was planned to send a shipment of hogs to South American livestock shows. This plan, it is believed, is one of the best ways of introducing to South American stock raisers the quality of animals now being grown in the United States.

Gleaning the Stumps.

The rapid decrease in the number of tall stumps which have been so familiar to the traveler through the coast hills of Oregon, is regarded as an indication of their approaching extinction. Hitherto some 20 feet of each stump has been left standing, silent relics of former monarchs of the forest, too thick for most saws to compass and too full of pitch to suit the sawmills. But now the need for timber is greater and men no longer climb high up on to bonny thrust into notches in the trunk to suit the saw and the sawmill. They have learned thrift and they cut low down lest good lumber be uselessly wasted. Only as a record of past wastefulness are the tall stumps with their deep notches still visible.

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Instead of dining at the senate-tavern, where senatorial dignity, in a fitting white-apron garbed with a predominant, when night sessions prevent him from going home, the senator repairs to a nearby caterina's. There, on a tray, napkin, knife, fork, and other implements of table-fare, nestles his liver and bacon, and other seasonal delicacies on the table. He walks over to a table and lays out his spread.

GENERAL YUDENITCH



General Yudenitch, commander of the anti-bolshevik Russian forces of the northwest, who is conducting a campaign against Petrograd.

TOLEDO HAS NO CARS; COMPANY IS DEFIANT

Trolleys Spirited Away Because of Ouster Vote.

Toledo, Ohio.—Every available motor vehicle in the city was pressed into service to carry people to work when New York capitalists refused to operate the trolleys any longer.

With the Toledo Railways and Light company cars held off the streets because the people at the election approved an ouster ordinance and with the city apparently determined not to recede from this position, all workers of the city were dependent on motor transportation.

Manufacturing concerns engaged trucks for all employees living more than a mile from the plant.

City officials are angry because Henry L. Doherty, of New York, head of the concern which controls the local traction company, spirited the cars into Michigan before daylight on Sunday morning without notice to the public.

It is pointed out should the ordinance be repealed it would have to be submitted to the voters. Law authorities have not yet found a way in which a special election could be held under the terms of the city charter.

Frank R. Conter, resident president of the traction company, declared the cars will be returned only when the ouster ordinance is repealed and the company is given a franchise.

The company increased the fares from five to six cents and two cents for transfer, to take care of an increase in carmen's wages.

MURDER WITHOUT MERCY, RUSSIAN WORKERS' AIM

Washington.—As the "means" of accomplishing the overthrow of the government, which the Federation of Unions of Russian Workers contemplated, this organization, according to documents made public by the department of justice proposed:

Capture of all products and means of production.

Murder of those designated to enforce the law.

Destruction of fences and other marks of private ownership.

The burning up of barracks.

The burning of public records and instruments of indebtedness.

The liberation of prisoners.

"We must be merciless," read the most important document captured, "for the slightest weakness on our part may afterward cost the working class a whole sea of needless blood."

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

DES MOINES, IA.—Des Moines schools were closed and will remain so until the end of the coal strike. Lack of fuel was the reason for the action.

BUENOS AIRES.—"To stabilize domestic prices," President Irigoyen, of Argentina, issued a decree prohibiting exportation of sugar.

NEW YORK.—Developments in the labor situation were responsible for the selling of securities in very large volume on the Wall street stock market. Declines of two to ten points were recorded in the first fifteen minutes of speculation.

LONDON.—The committee on the Irish problem has submitted a new home rule proposal to the cabinet. It provides for two Irish legislatures, one for Ulster and one for the remainder of Ireland.

CINCINNATI.—A poll of the Republican members of congress on presidential preferences, taken by the Enquirer, gives 136 for General Wood, 44 for Governor Lowden, 26 each for Senators Harding and Watson and 10 for Senator Johnson.

NEW YORK.—Deportation hearings will be granted immediately to the following persons:

The annual meeting of the Hampton County Association of Congregational Ministers was held at the Wall Congregational church, So. Hadley, Mass. The moderator urged at the opening that attention be given by Congregational Churches to the observance of Advent, Lent and Christmas. He also favored Sunday baseball of the amateur kind, with restrictions.

TO RID COUNTRY OF ALIEN REDS

Deportation Processes Begun in Number of Cities Against Anarchists Under Arrest.

CAUGHT IN GENERAL DRAGNET

Union of Russian Workers Chief Target of Government—Clean-Up of Undesirables Will Be Effected Under Rush Orders.

Washington.—The campaign designed to rid the country of aliens preaching forcible overthrow of the government has been effectively worked out by the department of justice, arrests being made in New York, Detroit and elsewhere.

While the first raids were aimed particularly at leaders of the Union of Russian Workers, others have been caught in the general dragnet thrown out after two months of investigation.

Attorney General Palmer announced forty-two additional aliens had been held for deportation, making a total of 400 since the raids started. Immediate steps toward the deportation of these persons as undesirables will be taken, he added.

A summary of the number held for deportation by cities follows:

Newark, N. J., 31; Baltimore, 10; Cleveland, 17; Buffalo, 14; Hartford, Conn., 25; Chicago, 9; Detroit, 40; Akron, 9, 32; Monessen, Pa., 20; Bentleyville, Pa., 1; Universal, Pa., 4; Trenton, N. J., 1, and New York city, 30.

Plans of the Union of Russian Workers to bring about a general strike is revealed in documents seized in the nation-wide raids and made public by Assistant Attorney General Garvan.

With the government overthrown and everything "wiped from the earth to private ownership of property," the Russian workers, according to their manifesto, looked forward to "the magnificent beautiful form of man without a God, without a master and free of authority."

Included among the documents seized, all of which are printed in Russian, is Novomirsky—manifesto of Anarchists—Communists. This publication, the most recent put out by the union, was said by Mr. Garvan to be the most dangerous piece of propaganda ever disseminated by any radical organization in the United States.

The manifesto outlines the purpose of the movement inaugurated by the union as "complete destruction of private control of natural resources and capital and complete destruction of power of rule and the institutions invested with powers to enforce rule of one man over another."

Under the caption of "what should be our means of carrying on the fight," the manifesto says:

"What must we do, the vanguard of the proletariat? We must consciously hasten the elementary movement of the struggle of the working class, we must convert small strikes into general ones, and convert the latter into armed revolt of the laboring masses against capital and state.

"At the time of this revolt, we must at the first favorable opportunity proceed to an immediate seizure of all means of production and all articles of consumption and make the working classes the masters in fact of all general wealth. At the same time we must mercilessly destroy all remains of government authority and class domination. Liberating the prisoners, demolish prisons and police offices, destroy all legal papers pertaining to private ownership of property, all field fences and boundaries, and burn all certificates of indebtedness. In a word, we must take care that everything is wiped from the earth that is a reminder of the right to private ownership of property.

"To blow up barracks, gendarme and police administration, shoot the most prominent military and police officer, must be the important concern of the revolting working people. In the work of destruction we must be merciless, for the slightest weakness upon our part may afterward cost the working classes a whole sea of blood."

After "capital and state" are destroyed, the manifesto says, the first duty of the union is to start production on a new foundation. Existing labor organizations should be extended and production should be given over entirely to them, it argues. Then, each "village commune" should unify with all other communes and the "one grand federation" follows, the manifesto advocates as its program.

Recognizing no religion, no authority, no power other than its own, the manifesto says, alternatively, its members are atheists, communists, anarchists.

KEELEY INSTITUTE AT AUCTION

Prohibition Said to Have Closed Concern at White Plains.

White Plains, N. Y.—The Keeley institute here is to be sold under judgment of foreclosure, another victim of prohibition.

F. S. Barnum has been appointed by the supreme court as referee to handle the sale.

The institution is a large one and formerly did a lucrative business in administering a cure to the liquor habit.

With the exception of Melrose, Mass., every community that had the opportunity to register at the polls its opinion on the 4 per cent. beer question voted to instruct its representatives to vote to legalize such a beverage. The vote was taken under the public opinion act and has no binding force on the legislators from the districts where it was cast.

ARTHUR FONTAINE



Arthur Fontaine, one of the French delegates to the International Labor conference in Washington, is director in the ministry of labor of France and counselor of state. He advocates the use of every possible method to increase production in view of the fact that hours of labor are constantly becoming shorter. He says there are no real social troubles in France, and he does not believe that bolshevism will get a hold there.

PRESIDENT GLORIFIES CONQUESTS OF PEACE

Armistice Day Brings Solemn Pride to All Americans.

Washington.—To the country at large, formal messages commemorating Armistice Day, were sent out by President Wilson, members of his cabinet, and General Pershing. The president's message follows:

"To my Fellow Countrymen:

"A year ago today our enemies laid down their arms in accordance with an armistice which rendered them impotent to renew hostilities, and gave to the world an assured opportunity to reconstruct its shattered order and to work out in peace a new and juster set of international relations. The soldiers and people of the European allies had fought and endured for more than four years to uphold the barrier of civilization against the aggressions of armed force. We, ourselves, had been in the conflict something more than a year and a half. With splendid forgetfulness of mere personal concerns, we remodeled our industries, concentrated our financial resources, increased our agricultural output and assembled a great army, so that at the last, our power was a decisive factor in the victory. We were able to bring the vast resources, material and moral, of a great and free people to the assistance of our associates in Europe, who had suffered and sacrificed without limit in the cause for which we fought.

"Out of this victory there arose new possibilities of political freedom and economic concert. The war showed us the strength of great nations acting together for high purposes, and the victory of arms foretells the enduring conquests which can be made in peace when nations act justly and in furtherance of the common interests of men. To us in America, the observance of Armistice day will be filled with solemn pride in the heroism of those who died in the country's service, and with gratitude for the victory, both because of the thing from which it has freed us, and because of the opportunity it has given America to show her sympathy with peace and justice in the councils of nations."

PITH OF THE VICTORY NEWS

The senate adopted reservation covering right of the United States to withdraw from the league of nations at will by a vote of 50 to 35. All the Republicans and five Democrats voted for adoption.

Lloyd George, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London, expressed the hope of settling the Adriatic question, and declared that Turkish oppression must end, but says indications point to prolonged and sanguinary struggle in Russia. The senate demands right to judge our fulfillment of obligations to the league of nations.

The International Judicial Union, an unofficial body which includes Elihu Root, Dr. Drago, Baron Makino, and other statesmen, is attempting to codify international law.

A German submarine captain revealed at session of German national assembly investigating responsibility for the war that seven Dutch ships were sunk by submarines because of difficulty in receiving orders.

Gustav Noske, minister of defense, appealing for workmen to go back to work in Germany, declared a "revolution in America would have disastrous effects in Germany."

George J. Capewell, 76, founder of the Capewell Horse Nail Company, died, Thursday. He invested machines which made profitable the finishing of horseshoe nails by power processes. Mr. Capewell was born in Birmingham, Eng. His father came to Woodbury, Conn., in 1846, and made firearms. The son made his first nail machine in 1876 and a company was formed in Hartford.

CHIEFS OF MINERS MUST OBEY COURT

Full Power of the United States Ready to Enforce Compliance With Law.

DETERMINATION REAFFIRMED

Attorney General Palmer's Warning—Gravity of Crisis and Possibility of Industrial Upheaval Greater Than Coal Strike Recognized

Washington.—Reiterating that the strike of bituminous coal miners is in violation of the law, Attorney General Palmer, in a statement, declared in emphatic terms that the law would be enforced.

The attorney general declared that "those who conceive that the resolutions of a convention or the orders of the officers of any organization in the country, whether labor organizations or any other, are superior in authority to the law of the land, will find themselves mistaken."

The statement of the attorney general, which was construed as a reply to the position of organized labor, as set forth by the American Federation of Labor's executive council follows:

"The coal strike is a plain violation of the federal statute. This has been the government's position from the start. The president declared it to be unlawful, and the court, after full hearing, has now declared it to be unlawful.

"All I can say is that the law will be enforced. This same law has been enforced many times, and the department of justice has other cases now pending which were brought under it. The merits of the controversy between the operators and the miners are not involved in the court proceedings at Indianapolis. Neither is the right to strike. Nothing that the government has done is intended or designed to have any effect upon the recognized right of labor to organize, to bargain collectively through its unions and, under ordinary industrial conditions, to walk out by concerted action.

"The proposal by the president of a peaceful settlement of the matters at issue between the operators and the miners, through negotiations or arbitration, was rejected and the government, therefore, faced the alternative of submitting to the demands of a single group, to the irreparable injury of the whole people, or of challenging the assertion by that group of power greater than that of the government itself.

"Confronted with such a choice, the government's duty was perfectly clear; it refused to surrender to the dictation of a group and it proposes to assert its power to protect itself and the people, whom it is designed to serve. The government is no respecter of persons in the enforcement of the law. Those who conceive that the resolutions of a convention or the orders of the officers of any organization in the country, whether labor organizations or any other, are superior in authority to the law of the land, will find themselves mistaken.

"I assume that the order of the court will be obeyed. The president's offer for a peaceful settlement is still open and I hope that the miners and operators will now get together and settle their controversy."

Frank Morrison, secretary of the American Federation of Labor, would not add anything to the statement issued by the executive council supporting the striking miners and demanding that the government withdraw the injunction proceedings.

"That was the statement of the executive council and it speaks for itself," Morrison said. "I am not here to interpret it."

Officials and members of congress did not agree with the statement of the Federation's executive committee that it was the intention of congress in enacting the food control law to exempt labor unions from its provisions. At the department of justice it was pointed out that an amendment to the act, under which unions would have been exempted specifically, was rejected.

CUTICURA HEALS BABY'S RASH

All Over Head. Then On Body. In Pimples. Inflamed and Red.

"My little boy broke out with a thick rash all over his head. It continued a few days on his head, and then went down to his little body. It took the form of patches of red pimples. The skin was inflamed and red, and he lost a lot of sleep."

"I started to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and the rash gradually healed, till in ten days he was all healed." (Signed) Mrs. Samuel Axon, 75 Thurber Ave., Attleboro, Mass., Sept. 30, 1918.

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Cuticura Soap to cleanse, purify and beautify. Cuticura Ointment to soften, soothe and heal, have been most successful in preserving clear skins, clean scalps, and good hair, as well as in preventing little skin troubles becoming great ones. Be sure to test the fascinating fragrance of Cuticura Talcum for perfuming the skin.

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The Ostrichette

By WILL T. AMES

"Honest to goodness, Edie, isn't she the funniest tramp, you ever saw outside of vaudeville?"

"She's all of that, Mame. All the time she's got on, counting their things on her feet, wouldn't bring a plugged dime in a rummage sale. Let me find her living in a tree somewhere."

"Hear! Harris call her an ugly duckling. Don't hit her at all. She's an ostrichette!"

The two girls behind the soda fountain counter at Benson's had given much of their first Monday morning half hour to a critical inspection of the new waitress for the ice cream parlor, who was also to help at the fountain.

"Let you Benson hired her to break her in on Jeff's job?" And the girls giggled jocosely. Jeff was the drug store roustabout, a negro, who washed the cream cans, changed fountain tanks and carried an advertising sandwich afterwards.

Mame and Edie weren't the only persons in the store who wondered, before the week was out, why Benson had hired Julia Weeks.

The reason was that long ago, before old John Weeks went to keeping Fog Island lighthouse, he and Benson had been friends, and when old John, in his last hours, wrote a note to Benson asking him to give his daughter a job, he insured for the girl a more than ordinary chance to make good.

But Benson didn't usually explain things like that to his employees. This girl told nothing about herself. So it was only known that Julia Weeks was to have her chance. But she was, as big, brown-eyed Ralph Matthews, the chief dispenser, said, "An awful mess."

Julia was grotesquely ill dressed; her clothes might have been thrown to her out of somebody's second story window. She knew nothing at all about doing her fatty-colored hair. Her eyes were a pallid blue and her eyebrows scant. Apparently she had never heard of such a thing as a powder puff. Her color and skin showed the marks of the weather and too much frying pan oil.

Worse still, she was rearing up toward 5 feet 0, walked with the stammering gait of a plowman and dropped at least one dish out of every six she handled. She couldn't remember more than one order at a time and frequently got that one wrong.

She spoke Pumpkinville English, and Mame Kennedy declared she didn't know there had been a war. But withal there was a queer decisiveness about her.

Matthews' first assistant, who stood the opposite track as head dispenser in Ralph's off hours, was a fresh, slangy little fellow named Bartuso.

From Ralph, Julia accepted admonitions, rebukes, satire, actual scoldings with a subservience that was pathetic; from the girls she took the thoughtless cruelties of their kind with bovine indifference; from Bartuso, she would stand nothing at all.

On the fourth day the assistant dispenser, finding Julia alone in the ice cream parlor, made some unkindly bantering remark. By way of retort Julia punched him on the nose and wiped him five times across the face with the table swab. After that she was let rather severely alone.

Slowly Julia lost much of her clumsiness, but it was nearly three months before she began to show that she possessed the primary feminine attribute. Then one day Ralph noticed her standing before one of the cream room mirrors trying to stuff out the hair over her ears with her fingers. Within the week Edie exclaimed under her breath to Mame: "For Gawd sake, see what's got on silk socks and Louie Quince heels!"

It was even so. The evolution of Julia had begun. In another month the very ugly duckling had become, if not a swan, at least an offy and pert looking a chicken as adorned any soda fountain in town.

Nobody in that store, except Miss Robbins, of the toilet articles, knew any more about eyebrow pencils and lip sticks and brick-colored rouge and such matters; while her fatty-colored hair had been converted into a crowning glory of startling designs. Julia had most successfully standardized herself.

"What's the Lady Giant's game, Mame?" Edie wondered remarked. "She's dolling something fierce. But when it comes to the men, she's something wrapped and put away in the cooler—wouldn't give one of them a glad look on a bet."

"Search me, kiddo. Maybe she's got the movie bug. Some of 'em are like that."

Now Ralph Matthews was not only big but he was fresh-colored and good-looking and cool-headed and capable and had a winning smile. A head dispenser like that, with a bunch of girls on the counter with him, is most unlikely to encounter being the object of rivalry.

Mame Kennedy, however, acknowledged no rival. She claimed Ralph for her own. And with all her feminine personality she never even thought of Julia as sharing her aspirations. For Julia never talked to Ralph except in the press. Yet it was for Ralph, and Ralph only, that the newly waitress was so anxious to get through the process of transformation into a beauty. She doubly, utterly adored the big dispenser.

It was just after the opening hour. Jeff had showed up and two of the soda tanks in the basement needed to be repaired. Ralph had gone down to do it himself.

The girls were furnishing up the

fountain, counter and tables. Suddenly the building trembled. A rending, metallic roar came from below.

White-faced, the clerks, and the few customers stared at each other in momentary speechlessness while Edie screamed long and loud. There was a crash of dropped glasses as Mame Kennedy and Julia, with one thought, sprang for the door leading downstairs. Julia had three times her rival's distance to go. When she reached the foot of the stairs it was to find Mame, pale as a ghost, leaning against the door casing. "Oh, oh!" she cried as she turned back to the stairs, "let me get out of my way! He's all bloody! I can't touch him!"

Julia pushed the shrinking girl aside. "Get a doctor, you coward!" she cried and lunged herself across the basement and down on the drenched floor where Ralph Matthews lay huddled.

From one arm the white duck-coat sleeve had been torn and out of a great gaping gash the blood was spurting in throbbing jets. Kicking a high-heeled pump half across the room Julia tore off one of the brand-new silk stockings, knotted the ends with the speed and skill of a sailor, grabbed a wrench that lay on the floor beside her and in ten seconds had a mighty tourniquet twisted around the arm from which Ralph Matthews' life blood had been flowing at an alarming rate.

When Dr. Emery arrived a few minutes later Julia, in her war paint, and hobbling about with one bare leg and foot, became a mere ridiculous adjunct to the scene. But Dr. Emery remarked that the splinter from the imperfect tank had cut clean through the artery, and that whoever got that tourniquet working did so in the very nick of time.

When the tank exploded Ralph did not lose consciousness at once—not till after he heard Mame's ejaculation. Afterward Dr. Emery told him about the tourniquet. So when the dispenser returned after his recovery he didn't receive Mame's effusive greeting as enthusiastically as she had anticipated. And soon something happened that set the store agog. It was on Ralph's short day and Julia's afternoon off.

"Whatcha think I see?" demanded Jimmy, the errand boy, of Mame Kennedy as he raced breathlessly into the store. "Matthews and Yaller Head going into the Imperial picture theater together!"

"You're a liar!" angrily exclaimed Miss Kennedy.

But Jimmy wasn't a liar—not that time, anyway.

WHAT THE MOUTH REVEALS

Full lips suggest cajolery and flippancy.

A mouth which viewed in profile turns up in a curve indicates a frivolous nature.

A small mouth explains extreme sensitiveness and a narrow-minded outlook on life.

An extremely large mouth indicates liberality of mind but a certain coarseness of nature.

A mouth of any thickness that droops at the corners denotes one who cannot be trusted.

A close-fitting mouth revealing sharp, straight lines, indicates sternness of disposition.

Dullness of apprehension is indicated by a mouth which is exactly twice the width of the eye.

A small mouth coupled with small nose and nostrils shows an indecisive and cowardly nature.

If the angles at the corners of the lips point downward it indicates pessimism; if upward, optimism.

A large mouth denotes a shameless person with a lusty judgment not always kind, also a good conversationalist.

One with thin lips drawn down at the corners, rather bloodless and pale, is extremely obstinate, given to hysteria and melancholy.

It Was

The fisherman dashed into the country hotel and excitedly grasped the manager by the arm.

"What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" he said. "There isn't a bit of fishing here. Every brook has a sign warning people off."

"I didn't say anything about fine fishing," said the manager calmly. "If you will kindly read my advertisement carefully, you will see what I said was 'Fishing unapproachable.'"—Variety.

LABOR SWEEPS GREAT BRITAIN

Municipal Elections Show Sensational Countrywide Victory.

London.—Labor has won a sensational victory in the municipal elections not only in London but throughout Great Britain, with an especially heavy vote in the working districts. It was the first time labor had figured even as a runner-up in municipal contests.

Working people were first in Lewisham, where five women candidates were elected.

POLICE DROP OUT OF UNION

First to Affiliate With Federation Surrender Charter.

Newcastle, Tenn.—Newcastle police, the first in the country to affiliate their organization with the American Federation of Labor, by a vote of 6 to 1 decided to surrender their union charter.

The decision to give up the charter was made by members of the union, was due to criticism of the police activities in disorders in connection with the street car strike.

CHIC PARTY DRESS

Attractive Outfit for Girl of Twelve to Fourteen

May Be Built From Crepe de Chine, Satin, Georgette, or Crepe Meteor Materials.

The sketch shows a party dress for a girl of 12 or 14 years which may be made of crepe de chine or georgette or of satin or crepe meteor. The skirt is plain and straight at sides and back and the front is finished with half a dozen wide tucks, the lower one matching the other five in width and general arrangement, but being in reality a hem. The frock buttons in the center back. Tucks finish the short sleeves and a wide sash of velvet ribbon in black or some dark rich color is tied about the waist with a flaring bow under the left arm. The sash fastening of the sash is a little smarter than the usual back fastening solely because it is different.

The evening frock that is not only smart but serviceable is really the



Party Frock for Young Girl.

wisest selection for the growing girl, whose frocks hardly last through one season without some alteration being required.

FASHION HINTS

Bugle trimmings have tinkled their way in via Paris.

Embroideries in silk, wool or beadings are discreetly used.

Box pleated ruffles are accentuating the silhouette of those who are slender.

Some of the imported evening gowns have used ostrich as a trimming. It is effective.

Ribbons, too, have reappeared as trimmings and accessories, and why not? What is more feminine than laces and ribbons?

Pendant ball trimmings, slightly reminiscent of several generations back, has been smartly used on some advanced models.

Silk floss pompons have a chic that may descend from Pierrot, but these pompons are most effective fastening a belt or sash or decorating the ends of sash and draperies.

Laces are coming in through the extremes of entire gowns or modest little tuckers, collars, cuffs or vests—these lesser trimmings being invariably of real lace, real Vals, filets, etc.

Ribbon With Pleat Edge.

Narrow moire ribbon with a pleat edge is used on many dresses of chiffon as the only trimming, being either of darker or lighter shade than the chiffon and successfully replacing the beads and bangles of which we have wearied somewhat. A delightful pale pink georgette frock has as its only trimming bands of this narrow moire ribbon of a deeper rose shade, put on in block design exactly as the beads heretofore have been used. The belt is made of several rows of ribbon, not placed close together, but spaced so as to reveal the lighter pink beneath.

Brighten Your Browns.

A good deal has been written this season concerning the brown shades, and the use of this color has been extended to evening wear, for which it has sometimes been considered too somber. When so used, it is almost invariably lightened by touches of metal or paillette effects, and the fabrics chosen are of themselves sheer.

Little Lucille had saved her pennies for a long time in order to purchase a present for her mother on the eighth anniversary of the parents' wedding.

Just after dinner that evening she came bounding into the sitting room and into mother's lap. Silly she placed the cherished little package into mother's hand at the same time exclaiming: "Mamma, I wish you many very happy weddings!"

States With Spanish Names.

The following state names are of Spanish derivation: California—hot furnace; Colorado—color red; Florida—fast of flowers; Nevada—snow covered; Oregon—wild marjoram.

MAKING EVERY INCH COUNT

Business Girl Devices Clever Plan to Utilize Spacious Wardrobe Trunk in Living Room.

"Here's my latest space saving device," said the business girl to her friend, as they entered the cheery apartment which served as a living room and bedroom combined. "Incidentally, I don't think it's bad looking at all, do you?" she asked, quite confident of the negative reply.

"The latest device" proved to be an attractive, low shelf arrangement, which projected from the wall about a foot, and was neatly finished with draperies of the same lovely plum shade to match the window hangings, couch cover and two handsome rugs. The shelf itself was beautifully covered with the plain, rich material, and finished around the edges with an inch-wide band of old gold braid, which gave it a quiet dignity. A low center bowl of colorful Turkish ware, in which several golden nasturtiums stood gracefully from their individual brass supports, was placed at one end of the shelf, and several interesting curios and an old book broke the severity of the remaining space. The "device," whatever it might be, was certainly a real addition to the room.

"And this is the reason," said the hostess, as she drew back the curtains and revealed the two compartments of a wardrobe trunk, opened out flat against the wall and displaying a number of garments hanging within. "I simply had to have a place for that splendid trunk; it was too useful to allow it to take up closet space to accommodate it. I finally hit on this and now I have been finding it a great convenience. I have ever so much more room for my clothes than I had before," she explained. "Also I've found a place for my bowl on a table that I use for other things, or on that low-boy which serves as my bureau," she said practically. "I have to make every inch count, if I am to look presentable at all times and be comfortable as well."—Christian Science Monitor.

PANNIERS BACK IN FASHION

Styles Prominent Two Centuries Ago Are Seen Today—Wide Waistline To Be Maintained.

The advent of panniers in the new dresses at the Paris races suggests eighteenth century fashions, but they are much softer and slimmer than at Versailles under Louis XIV. The underdresses are tight fitting and the panniers, no matter what their shape, are limp. They are made of many kinds of materials; flimsy lace is one of the most successful. For winter the pannier will mean wider hips, and the skirt with wider hips is the most striking of the coming fashions.

This fashion will need most careful handling. In the interests of art it is to be hoped that women will not rush blindly into hip draperies. That first fashions must always be modified is the first rule in the game of dress. They cannot be accepted wholesale, and some woman must always transform them to make them becoming.

The French woman passes from one fashion to another, and changes her figure, complexion, coiffure and gait with greater ease than the women of other nations; therefore she can be more daring, but fashion has decreed that the wide waistline shall be maintained.

ATTRACTIVE FOR FALL WEAR



Dark Blue Satin and Gaberdine. The Blue Satin Is Prettily Embroidered in Sand Color and the Tassels of Same Material Make an Effective Trimming Especially on the Bell Sleeves.

Slip-Over Blouses.

Colored handkerchief linen blouses of the slip-over sort are one of the latest of the fashions. They are made in all the pale shades—mauve, yellow, rose and blue.

Observatories.

The northern hemisphere has more than 200 public astronomical observatories to less than 20 in the southern.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HAD LOTS OF FUN

Mr. Goslington's Experience That of Many Others.

Who Wouldn't Feel Pleasure at Having to Secure Larger Safe-Deposit Box for Liberty Bonds and Other Valuables?

"I never would have thought it," said Mr. Goslington, "but I've had to get a bigger safe-deposit box."

"Before the great war I had a modest check account, and a little fund stowed away in a savings bank for emergencies, but no safe-deposit box, large or small. I had no use for one, I had no stocks or bonds to keep in one; but when the war came and we all began buying Liberty bonds it was different. I didn't want to keep even the little bonds that represented my initial investment lying around in a bureau drawer or stowed away in a trunk, so I rented a safe-deposit box. I had often read the advertisements of the safe-deposit companies telling of how little you could get a box for, and from that on up, pleasant reading always, suggestive of wealth and coupon cutting, and that sort of thing, and now the time had come when I needed a box myself; and it was a very pleasant revelation. I guess you know the size box I took."

"Still, I thought that box would be plenty big enough for me. I hadn't many bonds to put in, you understand; but, do you know, as soon as I got the box I found that I had some other things that really belonged in it; insurance policies and some other papers and documents that were of value to me for financial or other reasons; and so while the bonds didn't begin to take all the room I soon found that my little box was packed so that I had to crowd the cover down to get it to close."

"And I will admit that the safe-deposit experience was a lot of fun to me. It was a real pleasure to me to have my box politely hauled out for me from its deep pigeon hole in the safe-deposit vault; and it was a pleasure to be shown to a cubby hole with a door that I could close, and where I found a desk and pens and ink and paper and shears and coupon envelopes and so on; it was a pleasure to be a safe-deposit customer, and I certainly did smile when I used those shears for the first time, cutting off coupons."

"Then the time came when, as I bought more bonds, and what with the other stuff in it, the box was so full that they had hard work to crowd it into its pigeon hole and hard work to pull it out, and then I simply had to buy a bigger box, and that was fun, too."

"Of course, you know I did not now buy a large safe, or a room with shelves around to store my bonds on; nor did I have to hire a scissors sharpener to keep my coupon shears sharp so that my clerks would not be delayed in cutting the coupons. I may come to that, why not? Stranger things than that have happened to other people, and I don't know why they might not happen to me. But meanwhile it was a satisfaction to me to reflect that I had at least outgrown the little box, even though for the time being I might be able to get along nicely with one just the next size bigger."—New York Sun.

Jazz.

Those of us who have fancied that our "jazz" originated in Uganda or among the Igorrotes are, according to the latest news, quite wrong. Le Matin of Paris maintains that the jazz band idea originated in Paris 120 years ago. "In those days as well as now," it says, "people did not know what to do to amuse themselves; so they made a noise. Those who had a great taste for noise went to the concerts of the cat orchestra. There were 20 cats with their heads in a row on the keyboard of a harpsichord. The performers by striking the keys worked a device which pulled the cats' tails, causing a caterwauling which—" Le Matin feels would leave us Americans little musically to desire. Is this an attempt to discredit us at the peace conference?—The Review.

Tribute to the Lilac.

The lilac has no place in mortuary annals of man. It is not a flower for the graveyard. It is a flower for the freshening of thought, the lightning of life and the creation of the ideals of living. It is the flower of all others that belongs to the home and to the heart and to the years that are gone and the years that are to be. Happy the wall where the lilac blooms! Happy the window through which is wafted the lilac's fragrance! Brief the period of the flowering of this bloom of all others in the living of all who love that which is old-fashioned and that is ever new.—Baltimore American.

Aerial Motorcycle.

A machine which may be used as a motorcycle on the road, or as an airplane in the air is the invention of a Swiss engineer. Fitted with a 30-horsepower engine, a flying speed of 55 miles per hour is attained, while immediately the machine touches the ground an automatic arrangement stops the propeller, enabling the machine to run as a motorcycle at a speed of 40 miles an hour. The outstretched wings collapse when not in use in the air, so that the machine may be used upon an ordinary road.

Plain Wool and Plaid Suits.

Pretzel presents for this season tailored suits of plain wool material and Scotch plaids combined with velvet. For afternoon dresses their choice of materials is silk, velvet and georgette developed singly and in combinations.

ALL HUMANITY MUCH ALIKE

Only in Early Life Does the Average Man Imagine He is Different From Others.

One of the great discoveries that come to us as we advance in life is the fact that deep down in the human heart all men are alike. In early life we think we are different from the rest of the world, but as years go by we find that this is not so. That other men have the same hopes and aspirations, the same troubles and anxieties, the same yearnings after happiness and peace. We learn this from our friends, from those who tell us their troubles and ask for sympathy and advice. Then we learn it from books; from the works of great poets and writers, and especially from biographies and autobiographies.

As a child I was sensitive and shy, and felt that I was peculiar in this respect, and different from the others, who always seemed to take themselves for granted. And yet I have discovered that this is the universal lot of all men. G. Stanley Hall speaks of a "newly revealed and grave danger" that works countless tragedies in life—that the child's feelings of inferiority should become dominant and make him feel in his earliest years that he is condemned to a low level of existence, without respect, appreciation, admiration or love. "Thus the chronic learner or better may do great mischief to the tender soul of the child. The child is always asking himself subconsciously, 'Do I look worse or better than others?'"

This tendency lasts with most men all their lives. We are all the time comparing our lot with that of others. As Emerson says: "Every ship looks romantic except the one we are on;" and again, "Every man's life seems to him covered with the shine of failure and defeat, while that of others seems ideal." It is a great help to know that men are alike in this respect. I could give a long list of well-known men and women who suffered from this sense of inferiority, incapacity and defeat, followed by moods of gloom and melancholy—men like Emerson, Ruskin, Lowell, Symonds, John Stuart Mill, and, in our own day, Rudyard Kipling, H. M. Stanley, Harding Davis and others.—Exchange.

Solid Heat.

Another of the problems that our army in France disposed of in a practical way was the supplying of fuel for heating and cooking purposes in the trenches. Solidified alcohol filled the bill because it was safe, convenient to handle and burned without odor or smoke. As a result of the demand, huge factories were built to produce this novel fuel. Now new uses must be found for the vast output of solidified alcohol.

Mr. L. Popper of New York city, who made its use of such practical value by inventing such as the mess kit stove, airplane food carrier, dug-out heater and various other devices, has again come to our rescue by inventing a special kind of portable stove, ideal for picnics, camping, boating and other outdoor excursions. The stove is made in the form of a suitcase of heavy steel and is provided with a hinged door which forms the front of the stove when it is erected. Folding feet beneath the stove serve to raise it an inch or so above the surface on which it may be placed. The fuel is supplied in the form of cans, which are placed beneath the burner holes.—Philadelphia North American.

Goldenrod Maltreated.

A protest has recently been raised against the time-honored project of adopting the goldenrod as the national flower of the United States, on the ground that this plant is a cause of hay fever and hence nothing ought to be done to encourage its prevalence. A statement now has been issued by Dr. W. Scheppegrell, on behalf of the American Hay-Fever Prevention association, in defense of the goldenrod. It is asserted that while the pollen of the goldenrod may cause trouble when applied directly to the nostrils or used in large quantities for room decorations, as a cause of hay fever out of doors it is absolutely negligible. "It is one of our most beautiful flowers," says Doctor Scheppegrell, "and well merits its selection as the national flower of the United States."—Scientific American.

On Leaden Wings.

Here's another one at the expense of the colored boys who fought in France. Seems a detachment walked square into the center of a German ambuscade of machine guns, which without warning broke loose at the rate of several thousand shots a minute.

Simultaneously two colored infantrymen from Dixie started for the Masco-Dixon line. After an hour's hard running one of them looked back.

"Hy dar, nigger," he shouted to his comrade, "look at all them flies a-floosin' you!"

"Get out ob mah way, fool," yelled the other. "Dem ain't flies; dem's bullets!"—Exchange.

Revealing.

According to returned doughboy officers, Paris fashions are getting more bold and amazing every day.

"While I was at Monte Carlo," remarked one, "I saw a lovely girl standing with a friend of mine. She had just joined him and was obviously proud of her costume."

"How does my new gown show off the purrel?"

"To the knees," he answered promptly, and rubbed it in by adding, "and what stunning buckles you have on your garters!"

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HOW SCIENTISTS KNOW WHAT ELEMENTS MAKE UP SUN AND STARS.

—When you read in a scientific book that the sun is made of certain substances, that the stars Alderamin, Sirius, Capella, etc., are made of other substances, you wonder how this can be known with such certainty; for nobody has ever been there to see. Nevertheless our knowledge of the composition of the sun and stars is almost as certain as that of the elements that go to make up our own earth. And it is all due to the spectroscopic.

Isabel M. Lewis of the United States naval observatory tells in *Electrical Experimenter* just how it is done. When a ray of sunlight passes through a spectroscopic (which consists essentially of a glass prism or chain of prisms), it is broken up into its component parts, which arrange themselves like a rainbow, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, and these colors are crossed by many fine dark lines called Fraunhofer or absorption lines. The shortest wave lengths are in the violet and the longest in the red; below the red are the infra-red rays, invisible to the naked eye but capable of being photographed on specially sensitized plates.

An incandescent body under high pressure gives up a band of pure color unbroken by cross lines. If, however, color gases are between us and the source of the continuous spectrum they absorb from the light beyond just those rays of which they themselves consist, and as a result the band of color is crossed by dark lines. Every chemical element has its own lines in the spectrum, always in the same place. So it is easy to identify the element merely by observing the position of the Fraunhofer or absorption line in the spectrum.

If the intervening gases be hotter than the source of light, the lines they make on the spectrum will be bright instead of dark, but their position will be unchanged.

SENSATIONS IN LOST LIMBS

Why Persons Who Have Suffered Amputation Should Experience These Is Hard to Reason.

It is a fact, perhaps unfamiliar to the average reader, that the illusion of "phantom limbs"—to borrow a felicitous expression from Dr. Weir Mitchell—far from being rare or exceptional, is almost universal among persons who have undergone an amputation. Among ninety cases, including a great variety of amputations, Mitchell found only four in which there had never been an illusion of this kind.

One of the best discussions of this topic is that given by Weir Mitchell in his book, "Injuries of Nerves," published in 1872. The literature, however, goes back to the sixteenth century, when the phenomenon was well described by Ambrose Pare. In recent times Doctor Charcot has given some prominence to the subject.

The fact that a great deal has been written on this subject does not, by any means, imply that it is widely familiar. We confess, says the Scientific American, to being consumed with curiosity to know why the great war has not brought forth a flood of stories concerning pains and other sensations in missing limbs.

Why Picture Will Be Hung.

By merely hanging the picture of a dog the Scottish national galleries may acquire a very substantial portion of a fortune estimated at \$350,000.

Callum, the dog, belonged to James Cowan Smith of Bothamsall hall, near Retford, who died recently. Mr. Smith was very fond of dogs and kept a number of them. Mr. Smith had a picture of Callum with a dead rat, painted in oils. Under Mr. Smith's will the trustees of the Scottish national galleries will receive part of his estate if they will agree to hang this picture "in a conspicuous place" in one of the galleries under their control.

To a servant Mr. Smith bequeathed his dogs, with an allowance of \$1.25 a week for the keep of each of them and an annuity of \$350.

Why He Quit the Phone.

Cholly—Rotten phone service we're having now, eh, old top?

Reggie—Right! But I've quit using the infernal old thing.

Cholly—Quit using them? How can you do that?

Reggie—Can't help it, old dear. From memory, you know—can't remember a number long enough to suit the operator.—New York Post.

WHY

Statistics Are Unsafe Guide to Conclusions

Statistics, though often interesting, are sometimes most misleading and futile. For example, it is interesting to know from the census bureau the number of prison commitments among the foreign-born population of the United States, but it would be most unsafe to base any generalizations upon them, for the number of commitments to prison is no indication of the number of crimes committed, and there are many more criminals at large than behind the bars.

Those in prison were not clever enough to escape. They got caught. Those at large were able to commit their crimes and elude detection. British statistics show that in only 15 per cent of the indictable offenses that are committed is the perpetrator convicted.

The figures for America are probably not very different. Therefore 85 per cent of the criminals are at large. It is fair to assume that this 85 per cent is more intelligent than the 15 per cent that got caught. Therefore the 15 per cent for which the statistics are given is a highly selected group, and any conclusions based upon such statistics are unwarranted, as applied to criminals in general, however valuable they may be as to the comparatively small number that are in jail.

CALL INSANITY FIXED ERROR

How Physicians Determine Absence of Normal Mentality Revealed as a Simple Matter.

The sole difference between a sane and an insane man is that the former retains the power of adapting himself to his circumstances, while the latter has lost it.

This is the definition of an English authority who says that as long as a man is able to alter his actions to suit any change in himself or his environment, so long he is mentally normal. A man can effect such alteration either by changing his circumstances, or by changing his own actions.

The madman fails to make the proper adjustments and he does not recognize such failure as an error, but persists in it. Thus, insanity might be defined as permanent error.

Here lies the boundary between mistake and madness.

If a man's circumstances change in such a manner as to affect his welfare, this writer goes on to explain, he will, as long as he is sane, alter his action so as to adapt himself to the change.

If the weather becomes cold, he will light a fire, or put on more clothing, or both; and, vice versa if the weather turns hot. If his income increases or diminishes, he will increase or diminish his expenditures accordingly. If a new law that affects him is passed, he will alter his conduct so as to conform to it. As his children arrive at an educable age, he will take measures for their education.

Normal action is such as to adjust the relation between the self and the circumstances, either by altering the circumstances, as when we put on more clothes in cold weather; or by altering ourselves, as when we learn a new language on going to a new country; or by altering our action, as when we stop at home and go to bed instead of going to business when we find ourselves suffering from fever.

How Science Aids Warfare.

Wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony, now commonplace, suggest the possibility of transmitting energy by wireless waves. A Roumanian engineer, M. Constantinesco, has been experimenting in England with a method that seems novel.

Nature says he uses a tube filled with water or some such liquid, in which vibrations of the nature of sound waves are produced at one end and the energy is reconstructed at the other end in a mechanical form. The details of the apparatus are kept secret, but Constantinesco's researches have been financed by the British government and it has already been applied in mechanism that stops the discharge of bullets from the rapid-firing gun of an airplane each time that the blade of the propeller passes before the muzzle. This is what makes it easy to fire 2,000 shots a minute through a propeller making between 1,000 and 2,000 revolutions a minute.

How Not to Take Vacation.

Mere absence from work does not constitute a real vacation. A vacation has the idea of benefit in it. Sometimes it develops into a loafing match that is more harmful than good. That's the way it goes with Peter Jones. Pete will vacate at home.

That is, he will vacate his bed when he gets tired lying in it. He will also vacate all jobs and responsibility until necessity drives him back to a job. The front porch will be his lounging place until the sun drives him elsewhere. The rest of the day will find him on the shady side of anything that isn't too hard to reach. He'll go back to his job, lazy-limbed, stomach-stalled, and brain-fogged, less fit for work than when he took to vacation. There's sense and nonsense in it.—Pennsylvania Grit.

Why He Felt Safe.

The Professor—A man should have a solid foundation for his career and that means he should have a good head on his shoulders.

The Freshman—You all right there. The track coach says I've got the solidest bone on the team.

Mixing drinks came very near being fatal for George O'Hare, a Lawrence, Mass., young man who was found unconscious on the street. It was claimed that he had been drinking a mixture of dehydrated alcohol and Jamaica ginger. O'Hare, who was arrested on a drunkenness charge, was sentenced to the state farm.

HEAVY HOG LOSS CAN BE LARGELY AVOIDED

Greater Care Should Be Used In Shipping Live Animals.

Cars Ought to Be Thoroughly Cleaned Before Loading and Not Overcrowded—Spraying Upon Transit Is Helpful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

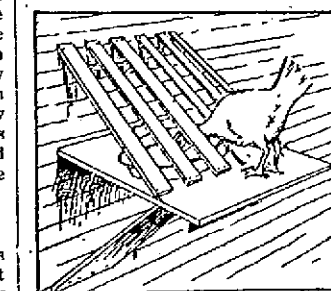
Last May 351 hogs, weighing approximately 157,000 pounds, were unloaded dead, or died in the stockyards at the South St. Paul market. Of this number, 353 hogs, weighing approximately 102,000 pounds, died in transit or in yards during the last six days of the month. This was the week of the first real warm weather, and as is usually the case during the first hot spell in the summer season, the loss of hogs in transit was extremely heavy. The difference in price between dead or live hogs during this week was approximately 18 cents a pound, which would mean a total loss of about \$18,300. This loss might have been largely avoided if the shippers had taken proper care in loading, seeing that all cars were properly cleaned before loading, and that cars were not loaded as heavily as is the custom in cooler weather. If these hogs had been loaded in clean cars the losses could have been further decreased by having them sprayed often in transit by the carrier, especially upon arrival at transfer points, and also upon delivery to the terminal. One of the largest buyers of hogs at the South St. Paul market, who reprints to other markets for slaughter, states that the losses of his firm during the last week in May were no heavier than usual, but that they were extremely careful to have their cars thoroughly cleaned and hosed before loading. In addition to loading lighter than usual and taking the adequate precaution of requesting the railroad officials to issue instructions to have the hogs sprayed as often as possible in transit.

WATER HELPS LAYING FOWLS

Plentiful Supply Should Always Be Available for Hens—Stock-Feed Rack Idea Is Good.

A plentiful supply of clean, fresh water must always be available to hens. The fowls drink freely, especially when laying heavily, and should not be stinted of such a necessary and cheap material as water. The water pan or dish should be kept clean.

The stock-feed-rack idea has been successfully applied to the watering of poultry. One successful poultry raiser uses a contrivance such as the one illustrated on this page, the chickens being forced to hop upon an elevated platform in order to reach the water, and being prevented from standing on the edge of the dish or



Drinking Helps Laying.

contaminating the water, because of the necessity of reaching between the slats to drink.

REASONS FOR FALL PLOWING

Longer Period Given for Decomposition of Stubble and Other Pieces of Vegetable Matter.

Fall plowing is a bank balance booster because it returns the best crops. It does this for several reasons, says Andrew Ross, vice director of the Minnesota experiment station, University farm, St. Paul:

It gives a longer period for the decomposition of the stubble and other particles of vegetable matter turned under in plowing.

It opens the soil to the fall rains. It helps to dispose of weeds which interfere with growth of crops.

It lessens the amount of spring work and thereby allows the prompt sowing of the crops in the spring.

It enables one to avoid crowding at any time, and, therefore, is beneficial both to men and horses.

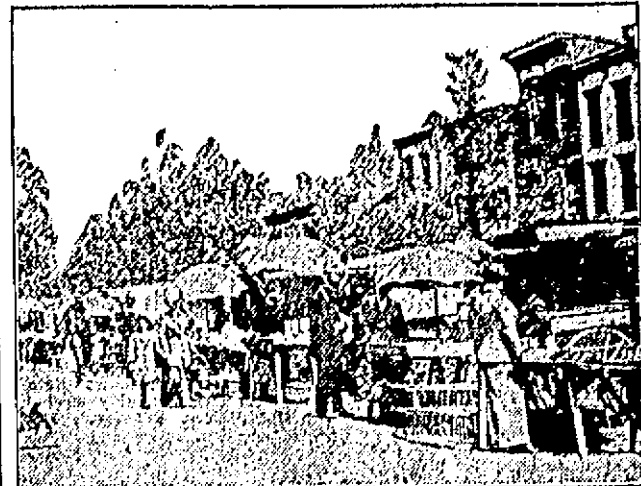
GIVE HARNESS PROPER CARE

First Wash With Warm Water and Soap, and While Still Moist Oil It Thoroughly.

To oil harness correctly, first wash the harness thoroughly with warm water and soap. Then hang the harness up to dry. Do not let it get dry, but when it is still moist, rub it thoroughly with some animal or vegetable oil. Pure neat-foot oil is the best oil known. This renews the softness of the leather and its flexibility. Do not use mineral oils on harness, for it has a destructive effect, says the farm engineering authorities at Iowa State college who make the foregoing recommendations.

The historic American flag which flew over the Capitol during the war sessions of Congress, has been sent to Gov. Holcomb of Connecticut by Secretary Glass, as a reward for the state being first in over-subscriptions to the Victory loan. Connecticut over-subscribed its quota 49.35 per cent.

SUCCESS OF COMMUNITY MARKET DEPENDS ON SUPERVISION BY COMPETENT MANAGER



"Farmers Line" Along the Curb of an Eastern City Market.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Vigilance is the price not only of liberty but of successful co-operative marketing. A city co-operative market may have fine buildings and equipment, but unless it is supervised by a competent manager who diligently enforces a well-worked-out system of operation, the enterprise will sooner or later fail. This is the rock on which practically all unsuccessful markets have broken, say city marketing specialists of the United States department of agriculture.

If a system of municipal markets is not so operated as to provide a place where people can purchase food more cheaply than at other food distributing agencies, the system is not justified, the specialists believe. While it is true that public markets are useful in that they assemble and make readily available a large assortment of certain products, some of which might otherwise be wasted, this is of relatively minor importance in determining the market's success. Well-operated markets may also benefit practically all consumers by furnishing competition which will stimulate private food dispensing agencies to operate more efficiently and to charge lower prices than they would if the competition of the markets did not exist. But public markets cannot bring lower prices unless the cost of operation is less in them than elsewhere. This is largely the problem of the market manager.

Give Manager Unhindered Field.

The first essential to a successful market is a competent, well-informed and progressive manager. A man familiar with modern merchandising methods should be procured even if the salary asked is more than at first seems necessary. No private commercial enterprise would think of placing a plant in which \$100,000 or more has been invested in charge of an incompetent, poorly-paid manager. This has been done, however, by some city markets with very unsatisfactory results. Such a market has never come up to expectations and the community which it is intended to serve, as well as many observers, have been led rightly to question the work of the whole municipal idea.

The manager must have an unhindered field in which to work. In addition to having satisfactory equipment he must make and enforce strictly good, practical sanitary regulations governing the methods of doing business on the part of the dealers in the market. To do this, he must be given almost dictatorial powers and not be obstructed by politics or other outside influences.

Renting Market Stalls.

Most successful markets rent the stalls from month to month. By this method, no question of a long lease will interfere with ejecting a dealer in case he refuses to conduct his business in accordance with the market rules and regulations and in the best interests of the market as a whole. All equipment, such as counters, racks, cold-storage boxes and, if possible, computing scales, should be owned by the city, so that no dealer will acquire property rights in the permanent fixtures in the stall.

The manager should exert every effort to attract dealers of the best type to the market. He should require all occupants of stalls to keep simple, uniform records, which should be available for his examination so that he can ascertain at least the volume of business of each dealer, the dealer's cost of doing business and his net profits.

In all his efforts to better merchandising methods in the market, the manager should keep in mind two fundamental things: (1) To justify the existence of the market, consumers must obtain food more cheaply than it can be obtained from most private stores; (2) To induce the dealers to make this cheaper food possible, they must be given a greater aggregate return than if they were in business merely as private storekeepers.

The competent manager, if given adequate powers by the city, can accomplish both aims. One of the first regulations should be to strip from the price of food products as completely as possible all charges for service normally hidden in the price. A dollar spent in the market should bring a dollar's worth of food, not, say, 85 cents' worth of food, 10 cents' worth of delivery and 5 cents' worth of credit. The majority of those who buy in the market pay cash and carry away their purchases. It is manifestly unfair to make them pay higher prices in order that someone else may take advantage of the so-called free delivery and free credit. One of the first rules of a market, therefore, should be that dealers will not be permitted to grant credit or deliver goods at the dealers' expense.

MERCHANDISING METHODS

Modern methods of merchandising, which have brought success to the foremost businesses of the country, should be brought to the attention of dealers in co-operative markets by the market manager. This should be one of his particular functions, and he should be so related largely with a view of his knowledge of merchandising, his enthusiasm and his ability to inspire confidence in and obtain results from the class of men who operate market stalls. The manager should get his dealers together from time to time and talk to them on merchandising methods. He should spend much time in the market observing operations and suggesting improvements, and should let it be understood that he will be glad at any time to help in the solution of any problem that may arise.

Smaller Profits.

The market manager should insist to dealers in the market that the savings effected by them as compared with outside dealers, by reason of the lower rentals and the absence of delivery and credit expenses, should be passed on to the consumer in lower prices. Because of decreased operating expenses, dealers in the market can sell at considerably reduced prices and still make the same margin of net profit as the average storekeeper. As a matter of fact, they can well afford to take a somewhat smaller margin of profit, since fair reduction of prices as compared with other competitors will attract more customers and so will build up the volume of their business and increase the rapidly of their turnover. The result will be that the aggregate net income built from a large number of small unit profits, together with saving in waste of goods due to their rapid movement, will be greater—and often very much greater—than incomes built by private "service" stores from larger but fewer profits which are subject to reduction from spoilage because of slow movement of goods.

CAREFULLY KILL ALL WEEDS

Of Much Importance That No Noxious Plant Become Large Enough to Produce Seeds.

Weeds keep on coming up all through the season, and must be carefully removed, for a single weed may produce enough seed to infest the whole garden next season. So it is important that all weeds be killed large enough to produce and ripen seed. The use of stable manure is a source of fresh infection, as this usually contains many weed seeds. This danger may be avoided by using only well-rotted manure on the garden, keeping fresh manure in a compost heap for at least six months. The seeds will be sprouted or killed by the heating of the manure. Some of the plant food is lost by composting, but it is made up by the better physical condition of the manure.

POULTRY FEEDING SYSTEMS

Labor Is Saved and Less Danger of Bowel Trouble in Giving Fowls Their Feed Dry.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

There are two systems in use for the feeding of fowls. In one of which all the feed is given dry and in the other of which one or more of the daily feeds consists of a moistened mash. For convenience they may be termed the "dry feed" and the "mash" systems, although in the dry feed system a dry mash is often fed. Dry feeding is used by many where it is not convenient to make and feed a moistened mash. The greatest advantages to be derived from the dry system are the saving of labor and the lessened danger of bowel trouble resulting from sloppy or soiled mashes.

When William Willberforce, the reformer, was a candidate for parliament his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to each of the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother, on which she was saluted with a cry of "Miss Willberforce forever!" when she pleasantly observed: "I thank you, gentlemen, but I cannot agree with you; for really I do not wish to be Miss Willberforce forever!"—Boston Post.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HIDES AND SKINS OF BEST QUALITY

Many of Profit-Absorbing Intermediary Agencies Avoided by Direct Marketing.

PREPARATION IS IMPORTANT

Essential to Fold in Head and Neck, Flesh Sides Together—Sheepskins Are Bundled Differently—Use Strong Linen Tags.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Much may be done to improve the country branch of the hide and skin industry by marketing the hides and pelts on a graded and selected basis, according to relative merits, and by avoiding many of the profit-absorbing intermediary agencies through more direct marketing by the rural producers. In this way country producers will not only derive more profits, but the quality of their products, a condition which will prove an incentive to produce hides and skins of the best possible quality.

The preparation of hides and skins for market is of great importance, as when they are not properly prepared and shipped they are subject to great deterioration. The farmer who has



Care in Removing Hides Reduces Ultimate Cost of Leather.

thoroughly cured a number of hides and skins by the green salting method commonly followed should place them over some elevated object, such as a barrel. They should remain there over night, to drain free of excess saltwater; after which the surplus salt should be swept off or removed by thoroughly shaking the hides.

Folding the Hides.

As a rule hides are folded so that the hair side is out. It is essential to fold in the head and neck on the body of the hide, flesh surfaces together, and to turn in the tail in a similar manner. Then a narrow fold on each side should be made by throwing back the body edges and legs upon the body of the hide, flesh surfaces together, keeping the lines of the folds parallel. The legs should then be folded back and the legs lapped with the hair surfaces together, bringing the break of each fold near the middle line of the back. The side folds should then be completed by bringing together the two breaks of the folds, with the middle line of the back as the main fold. In this way making one long, narrow bundle. The butt end of the folded hide should then be thrown forward about four-fifths of the distance to the neck fold, whereupon the forward portion of the bottom lap should be folded back on top of the first fold, bringing the break of the rear fold even with that of the fold just made.

Each hide should be bundled separately and tied securely, about seven feet of strong cord being necessary to tie the one hide bundle. A soft rope or line at least one-fourth inch thick is suitable for this purpose, although regular hide rope is preferable. Wire should never be used, as it is likely to damage the hide by rusting.

Sheepskins Bundled Differently.

Sheepskins are bundled differently from either cattle hides or calfskins. The wool sides are laid down and the skins are folded along the median line of the back with the wool side out. As many as five skins folded in this manner can be placed in a single bundle for shipment. Two pieces of stout rope should then be wound around the back from back to belly, one passing around the back portion just in front of the hind legs, and the other passing around the front portion immediately back of the forelegs. All shipments of hides should be tagged with good, strong linen tags with a paper finish and brass eyelets, and all addresses should be done plainly with moisture-resisting ink. Hides and skins should be shipped as soon as possible after bundling without needless exposure to sun, draft, water, or rusty or corroded metals.

Complete information regarding the best methods for skinning, curing, and preparing hides for market is given in *Farmers' Bulletin No. 1055*, which may be obtained upon request to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

How to Freshen Gilt Frames.

Gilt frames may be revived by carefully dusting them, and then washing them with one ounce of soda beaten up with the whites of eggs. Castile soap and water, with proper care, may be used to clean old paintings. Other methods could not be employed without some skill.

